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Vol. CCVII, No. 2696
OCTOBER 13, 1951

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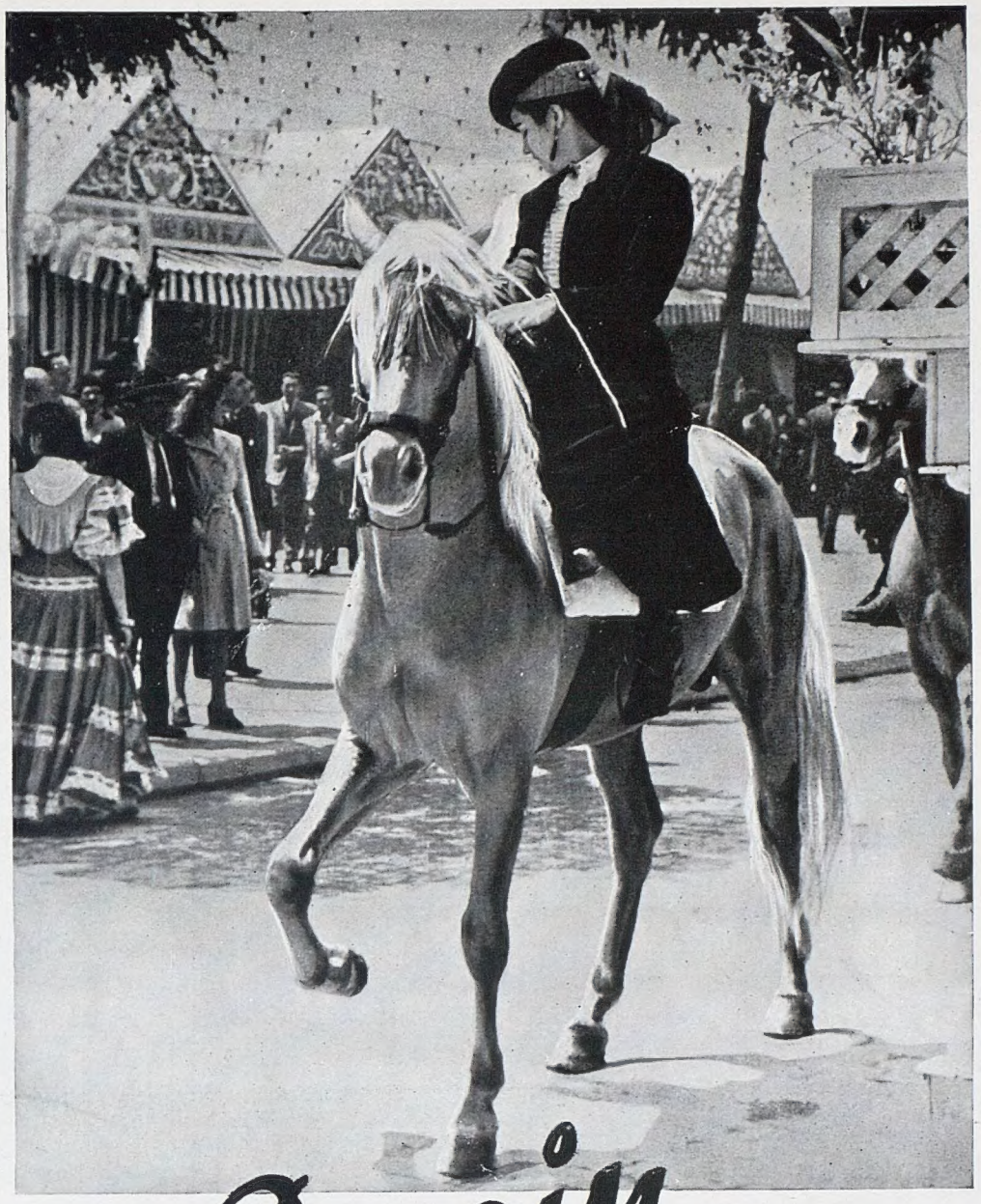

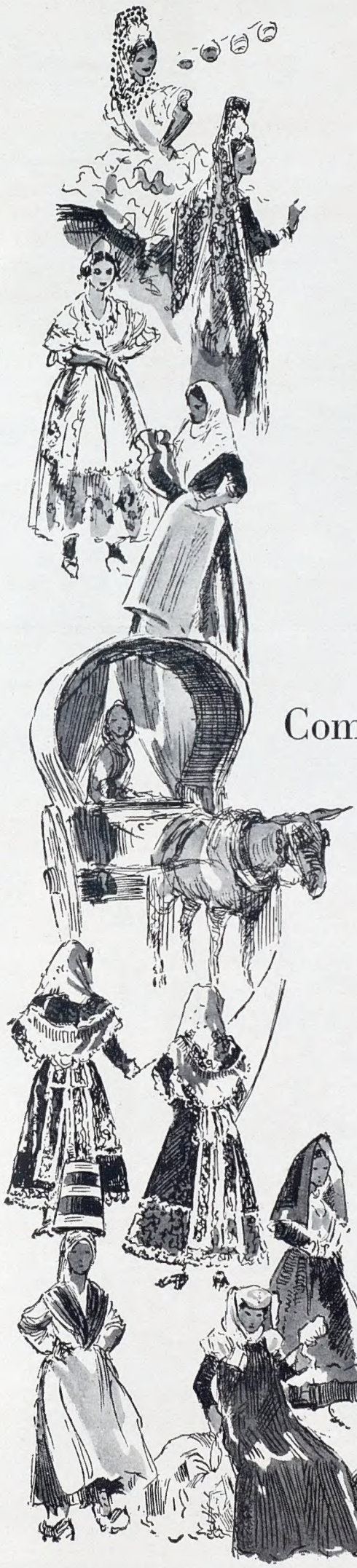

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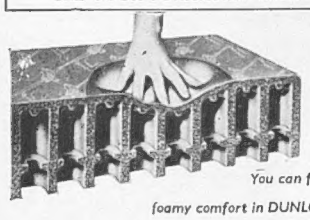

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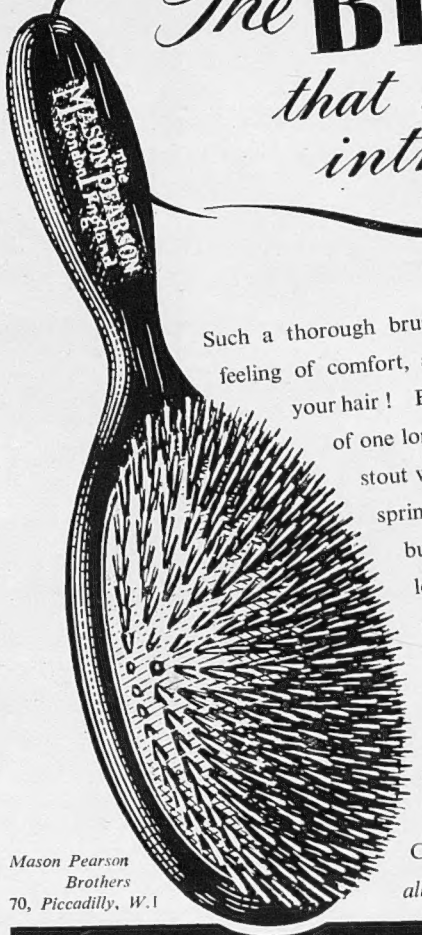

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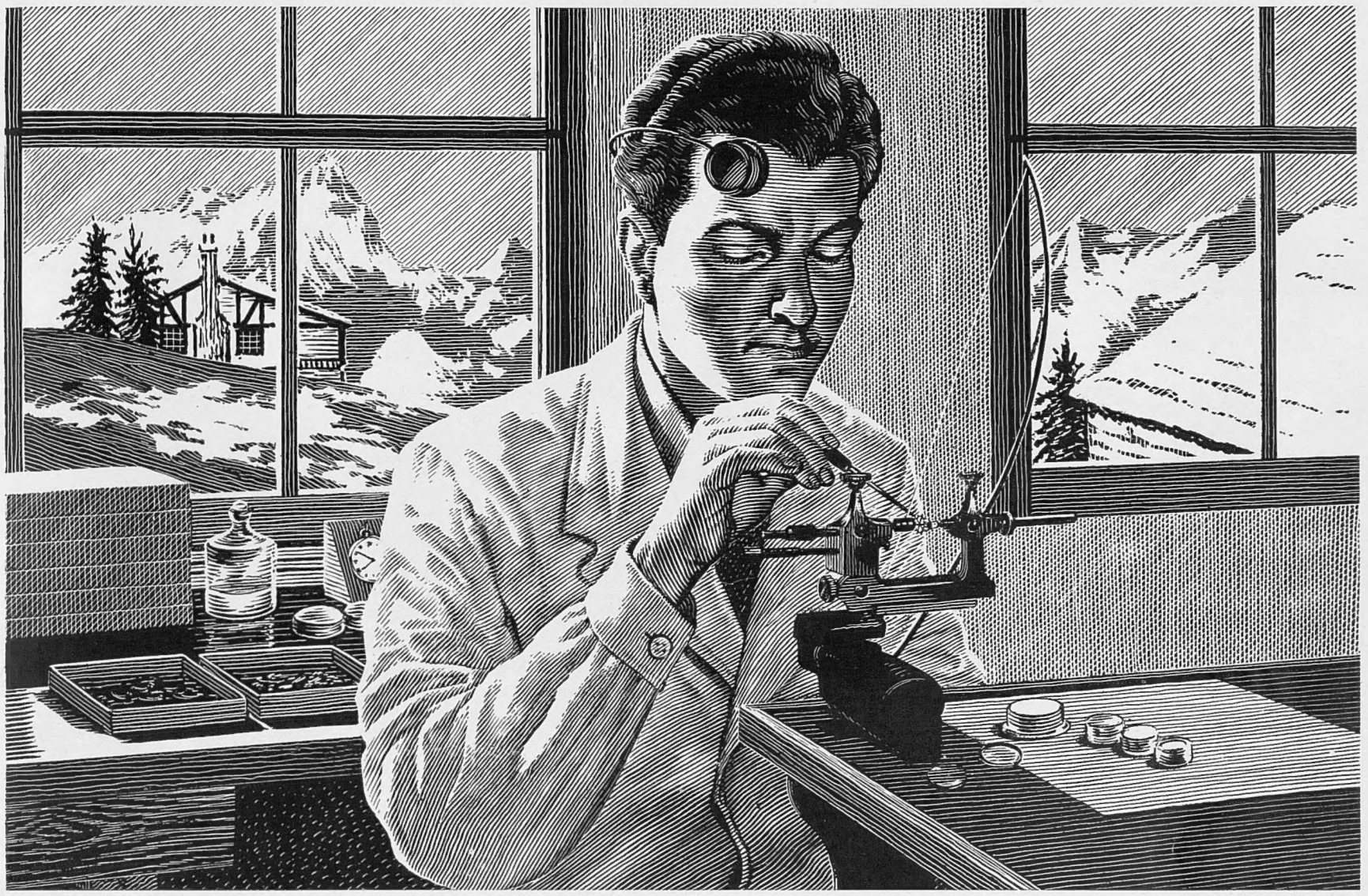

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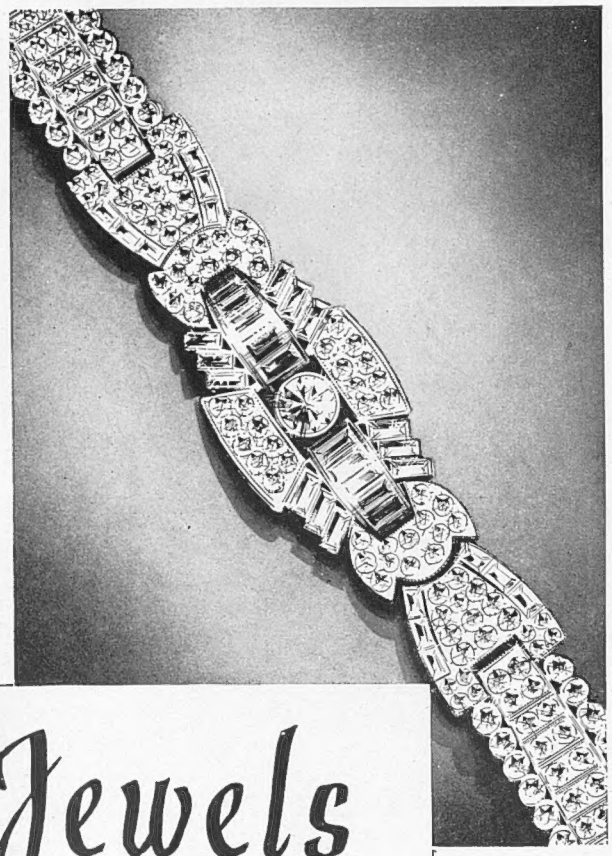

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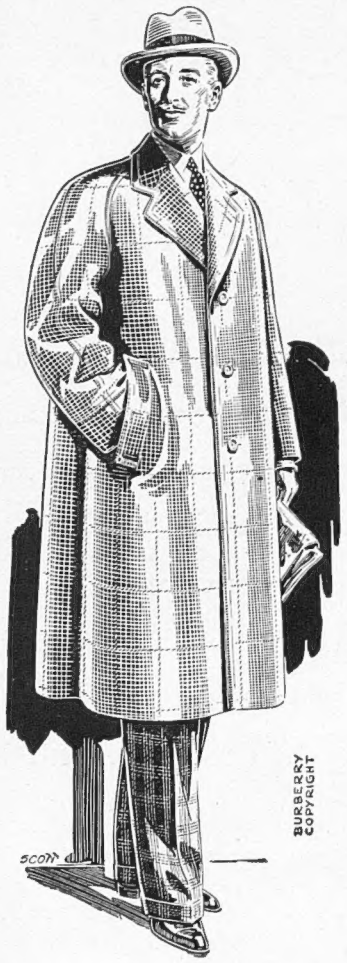

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Volume CCVII No. 2696

The SPHERE, London, October 13, 1951

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE START OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN TOUR—PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCE PHILIP AT LONDON AIRPORT LAST SUNDAY NIGHT BEFORE ENTERING THE B.O.A.C. STRATOCRUISER "CANOPUS" IN WHICH THEY FLEW TO MONTREAL: Princess Margaret, who is seen following her sister into the plane for the last farewells, drove to London Airport with the Queen, and together they watched the *Canopus* take off. *Canopus* reached Gander at 10·50 a.m. (B.S.T.) on Monday, and then flew on to Montreal.

To the accompaniment of increasingly cheerful bulletins on the King's health, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip set out last Sunday on their Canadian tour, which had previously been postponed by the King's illness. This is the first Royal tour of such consequence to be started by air, and it is the first time the Princess has been to the New World. It is also the first overseas trip of this kind to be made together by the Royal couple. Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip arrived at London Airport just before midnight last Sunday, and in the early hours of Monday morning they were winging their way northwards to Prestwick and later westwards across the Atlantic, travelling in the British Overseas Airways Corporation's Stratocruiser *Canopus*, which has already made over 200 crossings of the Atlantic. The Queen and Princess Margaret drove from Buckingham Palace to London Airport to say good-bye to Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. The Queen spoke to Captain O. P. Jones, the pilot, and members of the crew of the *Canopus*. After staying in the plane for a quarter of an hour, making their final farewells, the Queen and Princess Margaret came out on to the tarmac and watched as the airliner sped down the runway and into the night. At Montreal last Monday, immense crowds greeted Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip when they landed and before they entrained for Quebec.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

Foreign Policy for the Elector.

—On the eve of the election, *The Times* thought fit to say that "the Government's handling of the Persian oil dispute continues to be almost inconceivably maladroit." We shall ask ourselves whether it could have been worse if Mr. Eden had been at the Foreign Office and Mr. Churchill at No. 10. The Socialists reply: "Yes, it could; for then it would have come to world war." But can any sensible man suppose that "the sending of a gunboat" would have been the only shot in the Conservatives' locker? Who denies that modern diplomacy, still lacking world sanctions, is bluff, and that bluff succeeds only when it is resolute, poker-faced bluff applied from the start of the game, and maintained? What player ever yet won by a bluff who trembled in his chair, panted in breathing and revealed to his opponent the bust-ness of his straight? Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison have been pigeons fit to be plucked by the Persians. They blew hot and cold. They stuttered that they would not go—and went. They have encouraged aggression by every means, disappointed and annoyed their friends, and humbled still lower a great nation in the eyes of the world, and, above all, of the East. The world still knows that Britain has right on its side, that the Persians have acted disgracefully. Public opinion expressed by the votes and verdicts of the U.N. and the International Courts might—lacking all means of forcible sanction—have brought the Persians to a change of heart, were it not that world opinion is coming to hold in scorn a pigeon so timorous as Britain has shown herself under Socialist wobble.

Conservative Manifesto.

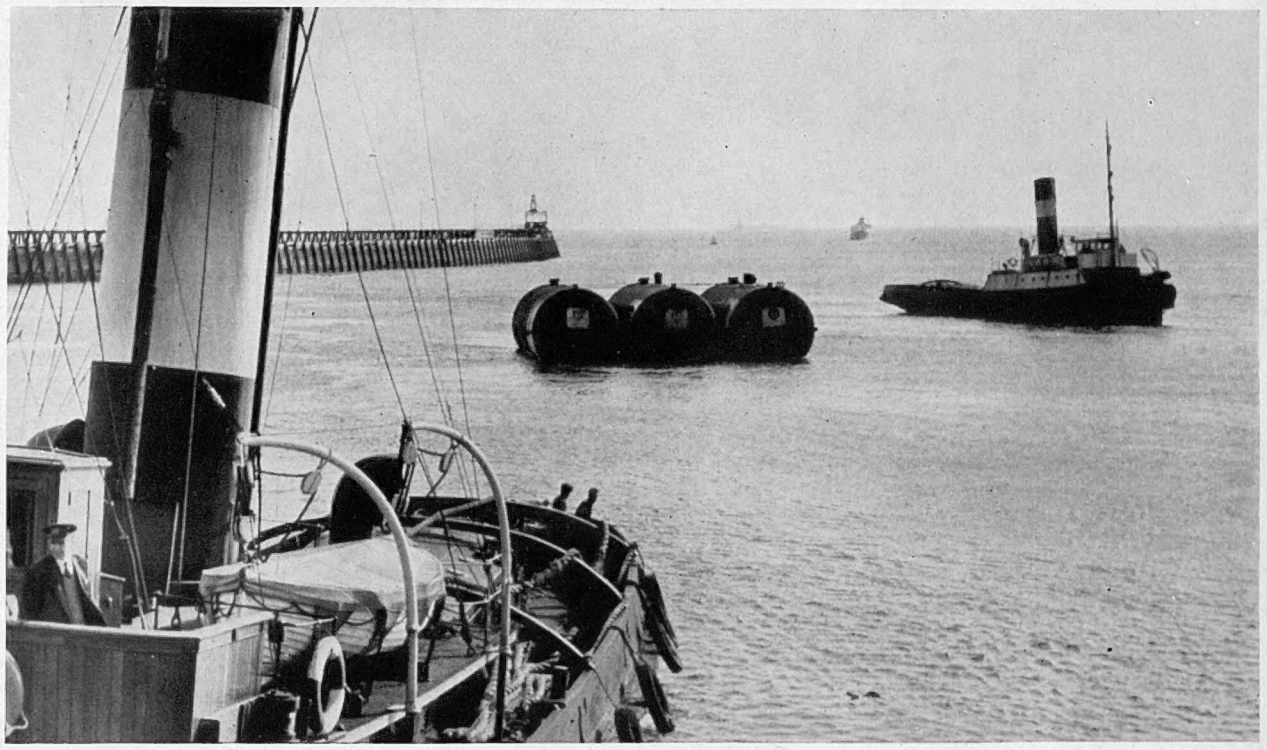
—I disagreed with Mr. Attlee and Mr. Gaitskell. I found Mr. Churchill's Election Manifesto as adroit as one would expect and far more attractive and even convincing than seemed possible. It had something for everybody in the shop window, and that is not easy when one merely rearranges familiar and rather shop-soiled goods which have been awaiting customers for years. I come to the dog fight with cynicism. I have been through too many general elections to pay much attention to words, phrases and promises. Statesmen in office are just like you and me, puzzled, anxious, frightened men propping up the roof, patching the tiles and furniture, and trying to keep a home of some kind together. They know nothing for certain, learn very little from their mistakes, and are "all too awfully human." Therefore their election promises don't mean much and few of us suppose they do. We can't help listening to or reading their words and phrases, even though we switch off the buzz-box and avoid the hustings. And of the words we must hear or read, those most intolerable and hateful to me are the sob-stuff phrases about long-past social injustices. Even Gaitskell (who should know better) can't keep that election sob-stuff out of his discourses, as if every one who is not a declared and dyed-in-the-wool Socialist to-day were determined to starve babies, rob widows, throw half the population on the dole, close all hospitals, declare war on all our neighbours and reap a great fortune in the black market. It is not, of course, strictly true that the Socialists invented Christianity and wrote the Sermon on the Mount.

General Election: A Pointer, Not a Prophecy.

—My record as a prophet of wars or the result of General Elections is not a good one. I have usually been surprised—unpleasantly surprised by great events. God forbid that I should declare in advance the result of this General Election. I believe that nothing can change the votes of the dyed-in-the-wool Socialists. Many of them, I believe, have moved more to the Left and all are solid in their determination to secure another Labour Government with even more drastic intentions to complete the work of levelling down. The dyed-in-the-wool Conservatives also are unlikely to be to-day suddenly converted to Socialism. The middle vote is another matter. I am sure there are many Liberals and a decisive number of the middle class and middle cut who will record by their votes on October 25 their resentment at the contempt for the intelligence of the average Englishman which Socialist Ministers and speakers have so long revealed. That contempt is evidenced by the childish lies and innuendoes shouted or whispered against a Conservative Government's powers for evil in office. This decisive bloc will, I believe, show by their votes their opinion of some of the Ministers who held office under Mr. Attlee. We do not expect Ministers to be supermen. We know that all of them are human, frail, puzzled and frightened men. We do expect from men chosen for office a moderate standard of dignity and breadth of mind; a larger vision and greater degree of relevance than we find in local politics. I say nothing here of the record of Socialism since 1945. Some part of that record is dismal enough to decide the issue without other considerations. I make the point here that hundreds of thousands of voters will show on October 25 that the horses they backed in 1945 and perhaps in 1950 have proved "platers," and that they will not throw good money again after bad—in short that they will not again, if they can help it, be governed by men who held so low an opinion of the British electorate's intelligence as to woo its votes by the arguments of the pot-house and the soap-box; be governed any longer by men and women whose minds do not rise above the level of the parochial politician. I make no additional comment concerning incompetence. Indignity will do.

At St. Paul's.

—They all looked so dignified, so brotherly, such Christian gentlemen, so cosy and so smug, those statesmen of the Government and Opposition parties at the pre-election Service in St. Paul's, that it was hard to believe it necessary for the Archbishop and clergy to pray on their behalf for a moderation and restraint in the "strife of tongues," for a right judgment in election promises and propaganda, for an outlawry of the deceits, the lies and the stupidities which always stain a general election. It was hard to believe that these grave statesmen would go soon from the nave of St. Paul's to the hustings and the soap-box to accuse their opponents of criminal indifference or failure, of vile intentions and of selfish, unpatriotic motives. But so it will be. So it always is. The effect of a sermon and a resolution soon wears off and, human beings being what they are, in the fun and fever of the dog-fight even a grave statesman becomes all too quickly the human boy—a nasty little boy at that. And if a grave statesman can so forget a sermon and himself, what can we expect of the demagogue who has yet to learn the rudiments of statesmanship in a civilised community? "Words," said the Primate, "become weapons which might be misused." In that sentence, he at least showed a rare moderation, produced a masterpiece of understatement. For what are words but dangerous, ugly weapons in a General Election, and what statesman uses them as olive branches to the other side?



GIANT TANKS FOR AN OIL REFINERY REACH SWANSEA BY SEA—THE END OF A 344-MILE VOYAGE AROUND THE COAST OF BRITAIN: The tanks, or hoppers as they are called in the oil industry, weigh 35 tons each and will form part of the new catalytic cracking plant at the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's refinery at Llandarcy, near Swansea. They are for storing catalyst used in the refining of white oils. The tanks were sent by road from the works at Motherwell to Glasgow, where they were lowered into the water and towed around the coast by tugs. When they got near Swansea a storm broke out and they were taken into harbour on the other side of the Bristol Channel. Two days later they were towed safely into the Prince of Wales Dock at Swansea and transported by railway trucks and low road wagons to the refinery.

"Our Revels Now Are Ended."

—The Festival of Britain is over. On the last day of September the trumpets sounded on the other side and vast crowds swayed rhythmically in mass dancing and sang the usual tattoo finales. Only the voice of the King was silent, which voice was to have closed, as it began, the long and successful national effort to put Britain back on the map where she deserves to be. I know nothing of the financial aspects of the Exhibition. There is good reason for thinking that it was popular at home, that it revealed our national talents adequately and that great good came of it in the provinces. I saw a number of country town exhibitions, and some village efforts at improvement and amenity, and I was deeply impressed by the taste and efficiency of most of them. The Exhibition of 1951, I am sure, will be recorded in history as a great impetus to a much needed improvement in public taste (which could not be said of its predecessor in 1851). Our revels, then, are over. The morning after is fairly drab and grim.

Jasper Ridley.

—It is seldom that I write personalities. I dislike a majority of the personal paragraphs of columnists which I read, and such efforts to be effective require a great deal more knowledge and thought and skill than the average journalist can compass. Of Jasper Ridley, Chairman of the National Provincial and of Coutts banks, I am moved to write a few words. For this was a remarkable man from the lost generation of the First World War, a survivor who revealed in his life very clearly what this nation lost in the early deaths of many of his friends and contemporaries in that war. He possessed a power of work, a zest for life, a courage in adversity, a curiosity, enthusiasm and sympathy which made him the trusted counsellor, the faithful friend, the bringer of laughter, light and colour to a very wide circle of men and women of all sorts and conditions. His industry was phenomenal. Whatever he turned his hand to, he did well. As a banker, as a patron of modern painting, as a temporary Civil Servant charged with post-war resettlement, as a farmer, as a soldier, as guest and as host, as conversationalist, as critic of literature, he rose to the top, shed an influence and revealed an authority which marked him out as a leader, a man of vision and imagination, a man who set a high standard and consistently maintained it. His character, his moral courage, were based on foundations dug by himself. And all these solid gifts of his were coloured and warmed by his sense of humour and his golden gift of laughter; by the warmest human sympathy, which he sought vainly to conceal sometimes—for he was essentially humble—beneath a mask of frankness-to-rudeness. Sometimes at first that mask was capable of inspiring fear or shyness. But not for long. He was the enemy of what was drab or conventional, of the bromide and the half-truth. He could make a dull man discover a mind, a blind man see colour and beauty. How fortunate, then, that he was diverted from his early intention to adopt politics as a career. In that job many of the things he detested would have perforce become the tools of his trade. I wonder whether any other man of my generation has died leaving behind such a circle of mourning friends, friends who owed him debts which could never be paid.

A Chance for Biographers.

—The younger literary man will prick his ears and bind on his harness when he has acquainted himself with a recent verdict in *The Times Literary Supplement*. It is to the effect that the biographies of our twentieth-century Premiers are in an extremely unsatisfactory state. Here is a field—tough, stony and uneven—for a pioneer with forty years of vigorous energy before him. I do not dissent from the verdict, but I would qualify it. Modern political biographies may be partial, may lack documentary evidence, may give a picture too glowing or too prejudiced, but they are not so dull as those three-to-six-volume monumental biographies which dispensed with editorial selection and concentrated on printing every document remotely bearing on the subject. God preserve us (while preserving our archives) from returning to the old pattern of political biography. What is truth? We shall not find it in history or biography—not *all* the truth even in the best of them. "The thoughts of men are not tryable," said (perhaps) Bacon, and you will not know the nature of a man if you cannot know his thoughts—and you cannot. History and biography alike are a compromise and the best compromise is arrived at by the best guesses. You guess after reading all available evidence, written or spoken. You reject hearsay and gossip. You draw on your experience of humanity—and then you make your assessment. But, young aspirant for biographical honours, for heaven's sake do not publish all your evidence *verbatim*.

THE OLD STAGER

GOING ABOARD THE "CANOPUS": Princess Elizabeth, followed by Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh, on the gangway of the airliner in which Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip took off for Canada at 12.30 a.m. last Monday morning. If the Royal plane had been delayed in its departure in any way, there would probably have been a long hold up on account of fog. As it was, the Stratocruiser left in satisfactory conditions, although there was a considerable ground mist.

THE LAST MOMENTS AT LONDON AIRPORT BEFORE THE B.O.A.C. STRATOCRUISER "CANOPUS" SET OUT ON THE ATLANTIC CROSSING: The Queen and Princess Margaret, having said their farewells to Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, seen in conversation with airport officials while waiting for the airliner to take off. Hundreds of people thronged the approaches to London Airport several hours before the time appointed for departure.

FAREWELLS at LONDON AIRPORT at the START of the CANADIAN ROYAL TOUR

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET SAY GOOD-BYE TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCE PHILIP AS THEY GO ABOARD THE "CANOPUS"

A LAST LOOK AT TERRA FIRMA: Princess Elizabeth at the door of the *Canopus* before the airliner took off from London Airport for Montreal. This was the Princess's first trip to the New World. But for the King's illness the passage to Canada was to have been made by sea.

THE "CANOPUS" IN THE GLARE OF THE FLOODLIGHTS AS SHE STOOD ON THE TARMAC AT LONDON AIRPORT: Captain O. P. Jones, the chief pilot, had with him on the flight a specially selected crew, including two additional pilots, three stewards, two engineers, a radio officer and a navigating officer. B.O.A.C.'s chief steward, Ernest Smith, was assisted by thirty-year-old Jean Gordon, judged by airline pilots as the world's best hostess. The *Canopus* has made over 200 crossings of the Atlantic. Before it set out on the flight, a thorough check was made by maintenance men and each of the 200,000 parts was tested.

THE PREMIER AND LEADER OF THE LABOUR PARTY GOES TO ST. PAUL'S FOR THE PRE-ELECTION SERVICE: Accompanied by his wife, Mr. Attlee, the prospective candidate for Walthamstow (West), arrives at the Cathedral for the special service just before the Prorogation of Parliament. The form of service was similar to that held before the last General Election in February 1950.

THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL LEAVING ST. PAUL'S AFTER THE SERVICE: Many members of both Houses of Parliament were present at the service at which the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, appealed for justice and forbearance during the election and, whatever the result, after the election, too.

PRE-ELECTION SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S

The Leaders of the Three Main Political Parties and Their Rank and File Attend a Special Service on the Day of Prorogation

Once again the leaders of the three ma political parties, with many of their ra and file, have been to St. Paul's Cathedral attend a "service of prayer and dedication bef the General Election." The order of servi held on the day of the Prorogation of Parliame followed that in use on a similar occasion bef the last General Election in 1950. The biddi spoken by the Very Rev. W. R. Matthew prayed for preservation, "in the strife of tongue from bitterness and malice, and one of the praye read by the Archdeacon of London, the Ven. O. Gibbs-Smith, was that written by Archbish Benson for the General Election of 1895. T Moderator of the Free Church Council re the lesson. In his address the Archbishop Canterbury said that it had never been important that our public affairs should governed by the true application of the principl of justice and mercy. "The nation," Dr. Fish said, "stands at a point in its history of gra crisis, when not only for our well-being but f our very existence there must be united effo prolonged unselfregarding effort, from our peop That kind of national effort can come only wh there is confidence that our affairs are be directed at the centre, not only with ability b by the standards of justice and forbearanc

THE LIBERAL LEADER AND THE DEPUTY PREMIER: Mr. Clement Davies (right), his wife and Mr. Herbert Morrison seen together after the pre-election service in the Cathedral.

TWO PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY: Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, prospective candidate for Aldershot, and Mr. Anthony Eden, prospective candidate for Warwick and Leamington, arriving at St. Paul's to join in the service.

THE SCENE WITHIN THE CATHEDRAL AS THE DEAN, DR. MATTHEWS, READ THE BIDDING PRAYER: This was follow by the reading of the Lesson taken, as last year, from the sixth chapter of St. Luke, which records parable "Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?" The lesson was read Dr. Drummond A. Harcus, Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, and the Dedication was led Dr. J. W. C. Wand, Bishop of London. The service lasted for about fifty minutes. Seated in the front r before the chancel were the three Party leaders, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Davies, and their wi

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE HUSTINGS—MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ATTEND THE PRE-ELECTION SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: In the front row sat the three Party leaders and their wives, and behind them were members of the Cabinet and prominent members of the House of Lords and of the Conservative, Labour and Liberal parties. On the left of the picture are Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Morrison, who had just previously returned from the Labour Party Conference at Scarborough.

LISTENING TO THE ADDRESS GIVEN BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AT THE PRE-ELECTION SERVICE: Seated in the front row on the north side of the centre aisle are Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Attlee, Mr. and Mrs. Winston S. Churchill and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Davies. Among those sitting behind the three party leaders are Mr. Anthony Eden, Lord and Lady Woolton, the Marquess of Salisbury, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Viscount Swinton, Sir John Anderson, and Mr. Harold Macmillan.

AFTER THE SERVICE—MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, ELECTED IN 1950, PREPARE TO MAKE THEIR WAY TO WESTMINSTER AND THEN ON TO THEIR CONSTITUENCIES: Standing on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral are from left to right: Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Lord Woolton, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, Mr. Herbert Morrison, and Sir Hartley and Lady Shawcross. A large crowd gathered outside the Cathedral to watch the members of the congregation arrive and then to see them leave about fifty minutes later. When the members arrived back at Westminster for the Prorogation of Parliament, they heard their various party leaders pay tributes to the King and the Royal Family. They also said farewell to the Speaker, Col. Clifton Brown, and Lord Winterton, Father of the House, who were not seeking re-election.

THE NEW HAMBURG

West Germany's Great Seaport City Regains Something of its Hanseatic Prosperity

10 PER CENT. MARSHALL AID AND 90 PER CENT. HARD WORK IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RISE OF THE NEW HAMBURG: Here is a handsome new block of flats under construction in the Hamburg suburb of Barmbeck which suffered great devastation from Allied raids during the war. Two-thirds of the industrial and residential parts of Hamburg were laid low by bombs. Rebuilding now goes on night and day.

No series of pictures could convey exactly the state of a city at any one time, for one could go to Hamburg to-day and discover mean streets, squalor, homelessness and unemployment side by side with the intense bustle of economic activity and general post-war rehabilitation. The truth about Hamburg is that it is beginning to make strides once again. Its people are building and planning new homes and looking forward to a fuller life. The shops are well supplied, and some industries are booming, although, of course, the great shipbuilding industry has had to battle against the restrictions of the High Commissioners. So far 73,000 new homes have been built in Hamburg, and most impressive of these are the blocks of flats now rising both in the city and in the suburbs. In West Germany to-day taxes are high, prices are high, and wages are pegged. But you can buy what you want within your wage limit, and the Hamburg shops certainly offer a wonderful choice of goods. This is in part due to the fact that Britain and America agreed not to dismantle several hundred factories vital to the German economy. There is the additional fact that the Germans are not handicapped by a defence programme. In fact, it might almost be said that, coupled with Marshall Aid, the Allied defence of the country makes prosperity possible in Western Germany to-day. One thing is quite certain. There are few men and women in Hamburg to-day who would now change their lot with citizens in East Berlin, Leipzig or Dresden.

IN HAMBURG'S BOND STREET: This modern-looking area shopping centre has risen from the ruins created by Allied bombers. Clothes and furniture are plentiful in the shops, and window displays attract much attention as most people are planning new homes for themselves

A TYPICAL HAMBURG FOOD STORE: The windows are well stocked, but as in most parts of Europe, prices are high, particularly for all kinds of sausage and

THEIR DAYS AS NISSEN DWELLERS ARE NUMBERED: The people occupying these emergency homes in Hamburg have been allocated new homes in the flats which are shortly rising in the background on the right. When they move, the Nissens will come down and the space will be used for building another handsome residential block. In 1939 Hamburg had 500,000 dwellings, of which 270,000 were totally destroyed during the war. Since then 73,000 new dwellings have been built, 50,000 of which have been completed following the currency reform of 1948. The rent of a new flat for a family of four is about 25s. per week in one of the Hamburg suburbs

IN THE HEART OF THE NEW HAMBURG: Offices and flats near the vegetable market which is seen in the foreground. The block of flats on the right of the picture has only lately been completed. *Below on left*—A close-up view of the great block comprising more than 1,000 offices. Those who have witnessed the rise of Hamburg have been astonished at the speed of new building, which seems to go on twenty-four hours a day.

CARS LINE THE STREETS OF HAMBURG: There is no waiting list for new cars in this city. Prices range from £340 to £1,600, and the purchaser can enter a store, place his order and depart with his purchase. Tax and insurance come to about £70 a year. The main snag is petrol, which costs 5s. per gallon. It can however be bought without restriction.

MOSSADEK SALLIES FORTH; CRIPPS COMES BACK

TWO WORLD FIGURES ON THEIR TRAVELS

THE AILING PERSIAN PRIME MINISTER EN ROUTE TO THE UNITED STATES: Dr. Mossadek being helped from the air-liner by his son, who is a member of the medical profession, on arrival at Rome from Teheran, when en route to the Security Council to put Persia's case in the oil dispute. When the air-liner took off from Teheran earlier in the day and the Premier tottered up the steps to his bunk in the cabin, political cheer leaders at the airport yelled over the loudspeaker system, "We have confided our most precious pearl to the protection of Allah." A day of public prayer was declared in the mosques of Persia for the success of Dr. Mossadek's mission to New York.

THE RETURN TO ENGLAND OF SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS: The former Chancellor of the Exchequer seen with Lady Cripps after he had stepped from a Swiss air-liner at London Airport on his way home after eleven months in a sanatorium. He walked to the airport steps with only the aid of an ebony stick. Sir Stafford told the Press that he would not be taking part in the General Election nor would he participate in politics for a year.

THE CAR IN WHICH SIR HENRY GURNEY WAS TRAVELLING WHEN HE MET HIS DEATH: Sir Henry's walking-stick and Lady Gurney's straw hat lie on the seats where they were left after the ambush. The attack had been carefully prepared and notes left behind by one of the terrorists showed that the road had been kept under observation for two days. It is reported from Singapore that some thirty terrorists took part in the attack.

MURDER IN MALAYA—SIR HENRY GURNEY, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA, WHO WAS MURDERED BY COMMUNIST TERRORISTS LAST WEEK-END: Sir Henry died on October 6, the third anniversary of his appointment to office. With his wife and his private secretary, the High Commissioner was travelling by road to Fraser's Hill, a resort about 70 miles to the north of Kuala Lumpur, when his car was ambushed by terrorists. Sir Henry's car stopped when the driver was hit. Mr. Michael Hogan, the Attorney-General, has described how Sir Henry deliberately stepped out of the car in order to draw the Communists' fire away from his wife. He was killed almost instantly. Lady Gurney escaped injury but had to shelter for an hour in the culvert where her husband lay. Mr. D. Staples, the High Commissioner's secretary, was injured and there were six casualties among the police. All the terrorists escaped.

GERMANY TO-DAY

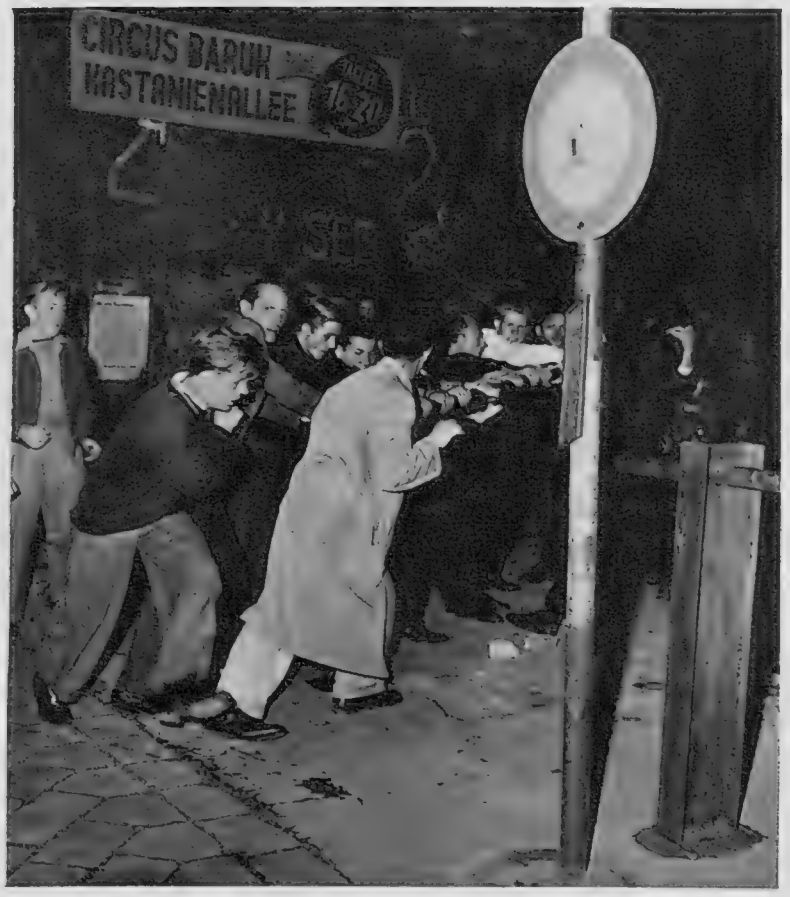
Life in the Divided Country is Dominated by Minor Clashes in the "Cold War"

THE NEW WEST BERLIN "ALERT" POLICE, ARMED WITH RIFLES, ARE SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT A POLICE SPORTS FESTIVAL IN THE BRITISH SECTOR: There will be about 3,000 of these "Alert" police, the Breitschaftspolizisten, by the end of the year. Armed with British rifles, the new force is intended to guard against possible Communist rioting in West Berlin, and officials have pointed out that there is no resemblance to the East German "People's Police," who undergo training with heavy weapons. Motor units and cavalry of the West German Police took part in the festival.

THE RUSSIANS OPEN A NEW BORDER CROSSING: American soldiers watch the first West German cars move along the crossing recently opened by the Russians near Hof in Germany. It came as a surprise when Soviet authorities suddenly closed the five-years-old checking point at Hof and opened the new one only a few miles away. West German border police, baffled by the sudden change, refused to clear west-bound traffic until they received authorisation from their Government. Meanwhile swarms of East German photographers, who arrived with the first lorry at the other side of the border, were busily photographing "the latest West German hindrance to inter-zonal traffic" as West German police awaited instructions.

THE COMMUNIST DEPUTY MAX REIMANN ADDRESSES AN EMPTY WEST GERMAN PARLIAMENT HOUSE: Herr Reimann, standing alone before the microphones, was speaking during a "debate" on the proposal by the East German Prime Minister, Herr Otto Grotewohl, for an all-German election. But his fellow deputies were not interested. Only a few of them remained to hear his speech.

THE FAMOUS BERLIN SPORTPALAST WHERE HITLER AND GOEBBELS STAGED BIG NAZI RALLIES IS BEING REBUILT: It was destroyed during the war and is being reconstructed, with private financial backing, as Berlin's first post-war ice rink. The arena once had a capacity of 10,000 and was the scene of boxing matches, ice shows and political performances.



On right—**PEOPLE OF WEST BERLIN REMOVE BARRICADES SET UP BY SOVIET AUTHORITIES:** This street barrier was on the border of the French and Russian sectors. Almost daily infuriated West Berliners removed barricades like this, but they were quickly restored by workmen from the Communist side. Recently, however, fifty-two of the sixty barricades were pulled down by the East Berlin authorities themselves, but the movement of traffic into and out of the city is not yet free.

NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

EVENTS IN EUROPE, ASIA AND AMERICA

THE SHAH BIDS GOOD-BYE TO HIS EMPRESS AT TEHERAN AIRPORT : The Empress had difficulty in keeping her hat on in the high wind as they strode across to the waiting plane. With the Shah and Empress Soraya was the Shah's daughter (left). The Empress, who had just spent a holiday with the Shah among the northern woods of Persia, was en route to Switzerland to consult her doctors. She knows Europe well and is a fine linguist, speaking French, German and English with fluency. Her grandfather is the leader of Persia's Bakhtiari clan, and her marriage was meant to cement relations between that clan and the Pahlevi Dynasty.

A CONVERT TO CHRISTENDOM : Brigid Aiko Yamamoto, niece of Admiral Shinjiro Yamamoto of the Imperial Japanese Navy, seen on her admission to the Order of the Sisters of Jesus at Chelles, near Paris, where she is spending two years, taking the name of Sister Marie-Aimée of Jesus. In Japan she met a French missionary who persuaded her to come to Europe. Admiral Yamamoto, who died in 1942, was at one time tutor to Emperor Hirohito and was also Japanese Ambassador to the Vatican.

WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN GERMANY : General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers in Europe, driving across a pontoon bridge erected by French Army engineers. The General was paying a two-day visit to Allied troops taking part in the French-directed exercise "Jupiter." With him, in the back of the jeep, is Major-General Paul Cherriere, commanding officer of the French 2nd Corps. The exercise took place in Germany. Last week General Eisenhower's command announced the new S.H.A.P.E. motto *Vigilia pretuim libertatis* (Vigilance is the price of freedom), which is to be worn by all personnel permanently assigned to Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers in Europe. The badge of gold is on a field of green.

SOLVING AN INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM : Mr. Sven Arntzen, Agent and Counsel for Norway, Sir Frank Soskice, Britain's Attorney-General, and Professor Maurice Bourquin of Belgium, who is assisting Mr. Arntzen, seen together at the International Court of Justice at the Hague, where the case before them was the fisheries dispute between Norway and Britain. In his speech the Attorney-General declared : "The Norwegian Government invites the court to conclude that Norwegian practice has remained outside the generally accepted system of fishery limits." Sir Frank claimed that Norway by the Royal decree of 1935 in fact reclaimed areas which she had long ago abandoned.

TALKING OVER A PROJECT WHICH HAS BEEN FOILED AGAIN AND AGAIN : President Truman and Mr. St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, with U.S. Under-Secretary of State James Webb (centre) at the White House where they discussed the oft put aside question of the St. Lawrence Seaway, the plan to bring big ships from the Atlantic right to the heart of the Great Lakes. Canada has suggested that she complete the project alone, and the President has promised his personal support if early commencement of a joint scheme does not now prove feasible.

AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF THE HIGH HILLS AUSTRIA'S PRESIDENT INAUGURATES A MIGHTY NEW POWER SCHEME: Dr. Korner speaking at the dedication of the Limberg Dam, the largest dam in the Kaprun power project, which is being brought to fruition with American financial aid. Kaprun is producing 150,000,000 kilowatts yearly, and on completion it will produce four times that amount.

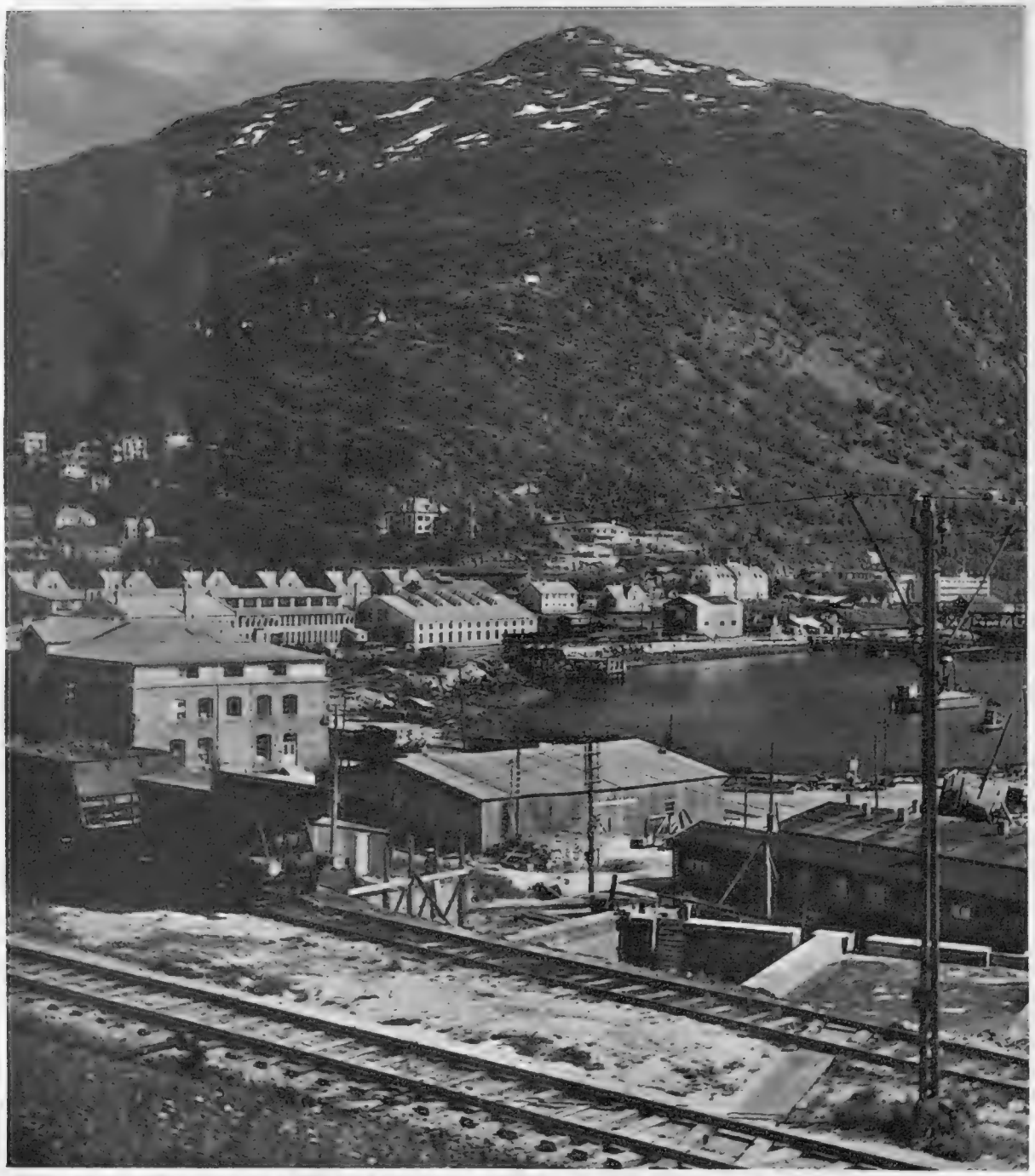
THE GREAT LIMBERG DAM, PART OF EUROPE'S LARGEST HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT: The curving summit of the dam will carry a great highway. Herr Helmer, Austrian Minister of the Interior, who has been paying a visit to the United Kingdom, paid tribute last week to Austria's recovery. Marshall Aid has played a vital part in this recovery and made possible some of her big public works projects.

THE LANGENWANG RAIL DISASTER IN THE BRITISH ZONE OF AUSTRIA: *Left*—The wrecked locomotive of the Vienna-Rome express and the rear cars of the freight train into which it crashed with tragic loss of life. *Right*—Working amid the wreckage beside the track. Twenty Italian railway workers, returning to Italy at the end of a holiday in Vienna, were killed and thirteen people were seriously injured. A further twenty-five people suffered bruises and shock. Langenwang lies in Styria near the border of the British and Russian Zones of occupation. Immediately after the news of the disaster had been made known President Korner of Austria visited the scene.

ESCAPE FROM FORCED LABOUR UNDERGROUND TO TASTE THE WIND OF FREEDOM IN WESTERN EUROPE: On September 25 these six Czech Uranian miners surrendered to German border police at the Soviet Zone-West German border near Hof, following their dramatic escape from the dreaded Joachimov uranium mines. All six Czechs had been sentenced to long-term forced labour in the mines by a Czech State Court for anti-Communist activity. In telling their story of the escape at the Valka Refugee Camp, near Nuremberg, where they are now living while awaiting emigration to the U.S. or Canada, all expressed their happiness to be free after working for over two years mining uranium for the Russians under quite the most inhuman conditions imaginable.

THEY CALL HER FRANCO'S BEST AMBASSADOR: Carmen Franco (left centre), daughter of the Caudillo, and her husband the Marquis of Villaverde (right) bidding good-bye to Senor Manuel Aquirre de Canger and Senora Canger as they left Paris after their recent holiday. The Marquis and Marquise enjoyed a round of sightseeing while in the French capital, making a most favourable impression. One report declared that they showed "an unaffected tourist-like zeal for sightseeing." In seven days they visited Versailles, ascended the Eiffel Tower, toured the galleries of the Louvre, and spent the remaining time shopping.

THE PORT OF NARVIK, IN NORTHERN NORWAY, WHERE THERE HAS BEEN MUCH NEW CONSTRUCTION AND RESTORATION OF BUILDINGS DESTROYED DURING THE WAR: Narvik now has a population of about 9,500, most of whom depend directly or indirectly on the iron-ore industry. All the quays and installations dismantled by the Nazis have now been rebuilt and modernised, and in addition, a new quay, completed this year, can accommodate two vessels. The development of Narvik as an ore port was begun in 1899. Narvik stands 75 miles from the sea on the almost land-locked Ofot fjord. The ore exported from its quays comes from the Swedish mines.



IN THE REBUILT DOCK AREA OF NARVIK: New buildings in the northern port which suffered so severely during the war years. At Narvik a 25,000-ton vessel can be loaded by belt conveyor in about fifteen hours, and a 10,000-tonner can be loaded in six to eight hours. The railway marshalling yards consist of about 25 miles of track.

TWO OF THE WORLD'S FAR NORTHERN CITIES

NEW PICTURES FROM NARVIK, NORTH NORWAY, REYKJAVIK, ICELAND, AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE

Narvik, which figured so prominently in the Second World War when it was so essential to German war potential as the port for the iron-ore of the Gellivara and Kiruna mines of Sweden, and Reykjavik, no less vital to the Allies in the guardianship of the sea lanes of the north, are two far northern ports both in the news at the moment. The Norwegian port of Narvik has been largely reconstructed in the post-war years, and these new pictures of the town and the dock area show how little evidence remains of the devastating German air raid in May 1940, which temporarily delayed the Allied advance on Narvik. It did not affect the final issue, however, for Narvik fell to the Allies on May 26, and this promised to be a turning-point in the whole Norwegian campaign. It was the situation in France and Flanders that made necessary the Allied withdrawal, and when Narvik was evacuated on June 10, 1940, all the harbour installations were destroyed by the retreating Allies. They were again destroyed by the Germans at the end of the war. Now the port is in full operation again, and, indeed, many notable improvements have been made, one of the quays now accommodating vessels which can carry 25,000 tons of ore. When the ore arrives at Narvik from the Swedish mines it is crushed to 10 ins. maximum diameter, and it is further crushed in the plant at Narvik down to 2 ins. Two large crushing plants have been erected for this purpose with four crushers, in all having an annual capacity of 6,000,000 tons. There is also a steam generator for thawing frozen ore trucks and yards in which large electric shovels do the handling. From the old quay the trucks unload down chutes direct into the ships. At the new quay, a pier with mooring space on both sides, there are belt conveyors allowing of even more speedy loading.

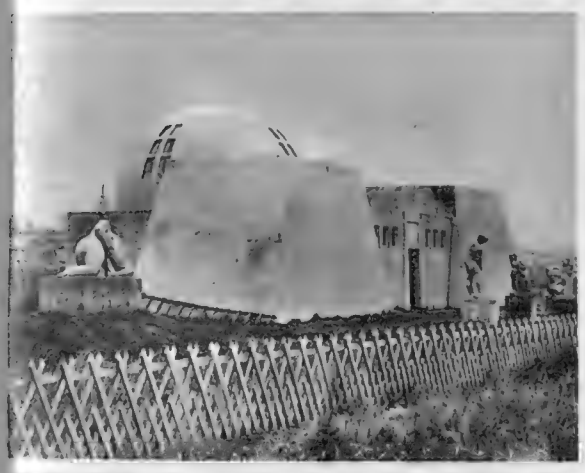
To enable operations to proceed smoothly in spite of the often irregular arrival of ships, there are large storage yards at Narvik with a total capacity of over 2,000,000 tons of ore. Whenever ore arrives from the mines it can be handled at the port, and valuable waggon space is not taken up.

Narvik's future, it seems, is well assured in a world hungry for raw materials.

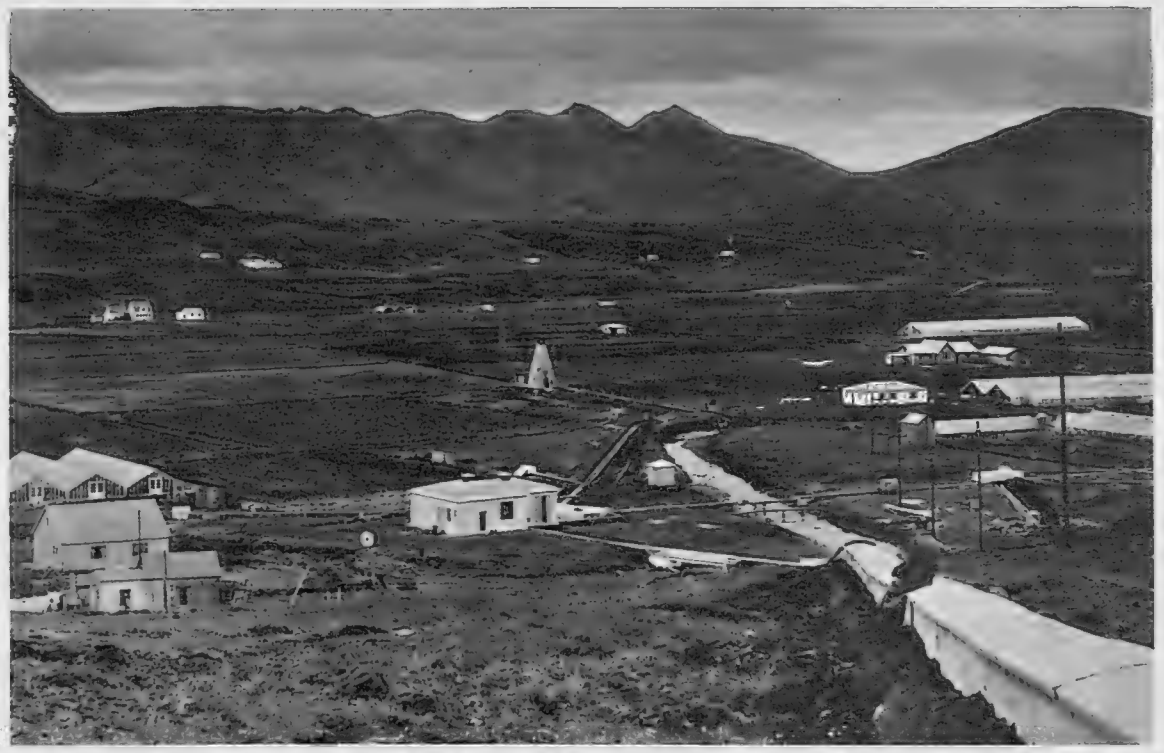
Reykjavik, too, is a port looking forward to better times. From 1945 to 1950 the little republic, of which it is the capital, suffered six consecutive seasons of declining profits in the fishing industry. In addition, from the end of June to the early part of November 1950 the trawler fleet remained idle for 129 days because of a strike. Now better times loom ahead, in part because of loans made by the International Bank, in part because of E.C.A. payments, also because of a great influx of dollar-spending American troops, the advance guard of the Atlantic Treaty Defence Force. By now there should be about 5,000 Americans at Keflavik Airport, 30 miles from Reykjavik, and it is hard to believe that their impact upon the Icelandic economy will be negligible. The International Bank loan to Iceland is for electrical development purposes, and this in turn may spell new industrial progress for Reykjavik, which has both hot springs and waterfalls to rely on as potential sources of power.

THE GLORY OF THE ICELANDIC SCENE AND A POTENTIAL SOURCE OF VAST POWER : Two of the huge waterfalls at Gullfoss, about 70 miles from the Icelandic capital of Reykjavik, where the water plunges in two falls into a chasm 120 ft. deep. The falls are about 180 ft. across. Iceland is on the threshold of considerable developments in electric power, and with her water resources her prospects of obtaining cheap electricity are bright. On June 19 of this year the International Bank made the Icelandic Government a loan equivalent to 2,450,000 dollars to finance electric power projects. This is being paid in sterling, French francs, Danish kroner and Norwegian kroner.

AT KRISUVIK, WHERE EXPERIMENTS ARE BEING CONDUCTED TO ASCERTAIN IF STEAM FROM THE HOT SPRINGS CAN BE HARNESSED TO GENERATE ELECTRICITY : Here a cap has been placed over one of the springs and output is valve controlled.



AN UNCONVENTIONAL EXAMPLE OF ICELANDIC ARCHITECTURE : This house of reinforced concrete at Reykjavik is the home and studio of Asmundur Sveinsson, a sculptor, who designed and built the place in 4½ years' work. He even built his own concrete mixer.



REYKIR, A SOURCE OF HOT-WATER SUPPLY FOR THE CAPITAL CITY : In this area of hot springs at Reykir, about 15 miles from Reykjavik, more than sixty of the springs have been utilised, and drilling is going on in order to tap more. The white building near the foreground of the picture is a pumping station, and along the pipeline from this station the hot water runs direct to the houses of Reykjavik. The greenhouses in this area are all heated by the hot springs, providing the market gardeners of Reykir with very cheap facilities indeed.

IN MODERN REYKJAVIK, A CITY OF 54,000 POPULATION AND MANY LARGE PUBLIC BUILDINGS : In the foreground is the main bus centre. Reykjavik is still the only large town in the Icelandic Republic. Iceland has no railways, but an elaborate road system covers over 3,700 miles. As a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation the republic has welcomed American troops, and they are stationed at Keflavik Airport, 30 miles from the capital. The number of Americans at Keflavik should now be about 5,000, and the United States now makes all strategical arrangements in relation to Icelandic defence. Iceland has no defence forces of her own.

BRITAIN'S PROGRESS IN THE AIR

Both in Civil and Military Aviation Britain Continues to Lead the World

On right—
LORD OGMORE, THE MINISTER OF CIVIL AVIATION, IN THE COCKPIT OF THE NEW B.O.A.C. COMET JET AIR-LINER : Captain A. Majendie (left), who is carrying out tests of the jet air-liners, is explaining some of the complicated controls to Lord Ogmore. The Minister was one of thirty-three passengers who flew in the aircraft during one of its first passenger demonstration flights recently. He was accompanied by Sir Arnold Overton, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry. Air-Commodore Sir Frank Whittle and Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill went on the second demonstration flight. Both flights were over London. Speaking to delegates of Commonwealth air authorities later in the day, Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C., said that the Corporation made £108,000 operating profit in August this year, and that when all interest on capital and other charges had been met there was a clear surplus of £10,000.

TWO BRITISH AMPHIBIAN PLANES FOR YUGOSLAVIA : They are Sealands, built by Short Brothers and Harland Limited at Belfast. In this picture they are led in formation by a third Sealand prior to their delivery flight to Zagreb, Yugoslavia, where they are to be used on domestic services along the Dalmatian coast. The Sealand is a very versatile aircraft capable of carrying freight or from five to eight passengers. It is designed for areas where freight and passenger carriage is impracticable for more conventional aircraft. The Sealand has two 345-h.p. D.H. Gipsy Queen engines and a maximum speed of 185 m.p.h. It has a wing-span of 61·5 ft. and an all-up weight of 9,100 lb.

ANOTHER BRITISH FOUR-ENGINED TURBO-JET BOMBER : This is the SA 4, designed and built at Belfast by Short Brothers and Harland Limited. It is designed to carry a crew of five and is powered by four Rolls-Royce Avon turbo-jets mounted vertically in pairs, each of which is as powerful as the combined output of all four engines on a Superfortress. The SA 4 is more than 102 ft. long and has a wing-span of 109 ft. It is the second British four-engined jet-propelled bomber; the first was the Vickers Valiant.

On right—
THE FIRST OF A NEW CLASS OF DAY AND NIGHT FIGHTER WHICH MADE ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT RECENTLY : It is the DH 110, an all-weather jet fighter, developed by the de Havilland Company. Mr. Arthur Henderson, Secretary of State for Air, has announced that it will be a great advance on the Meteor and Vampire aircraft now in service with the R.A.F. The DH 110 is powered by two Rolls-Royce Avon engines and is equipped with modern electronic navigation and combat aids. In design it combines the well-known de Havilland twin-boom principle with sharply swept-back wings.

WINGING GRACEFULLY OVER THE ISLAND APPROACHES TO THE KOREAN PENINSULA: A huge armada of C 119 Flying Box-cars. They are transports of the 315th Air Division (Combat Cargo) of the United States Air Force and span the straits daily, supporting United Nations ground forces by round-the-clock delivery of supplies.

BOX-CAR ARMADA OVER KOREA

How Supplies are Flown Into the Battle-torn Peninsula

On left—THEIR DAILY MISSION OF REINFORCEMENT: This is another view of the Flying Box-cars approaching Korea across the Tsushima Straits from Japan. The Fairchild Packet, or Flying Box-car as it is popularly called, has been a vital force in the whole Korean campaign to date, speeding through the skies, at 200 m.p.h. and faster, the men and supplies which in earlier times reached the fighting lines at walking pace. The Flying Box-car can actually take a 12,700-lb. gun, the largest field weapon now in use.

THE DESTROYER "GRENVILLE" WITH A 30-FT. HOLE IN HER STARBOARD QUARTER: The vessel came into collision with the Italian ship *Alceo*, of 7,000 tons, in the English Channel about 12 miles off Start Point. Two officers (one Dutch) and two petty officers are missing, and one rating was injured. The *Grenville*, used as an air-training target ship, managed to reach Devonport Dockyard under her own power.

THE BOWS OF THE ITALIAN STEAMER "ALCEO" AFTER SHE HAD COME INTO COLLISION WITH THE BRITISH DESTROYER "GRENVILLE": Some of the twisted steelwork from the *Grenville* is seen beneath the anchor and facing at right angles to the bows. There were no casualties in the *Alceo*, and, like the *Grenville*, she too was able to reach Devonport under her own steam. The *Alceo*, owned by the Societo Ligure di Armammento of Genoa, carries a crew of twenty-eight, none of whom was injured. Her master, Captain Giovanni Currarino, after being interviewed on board by the King's harbour-master, went ashore at Devonport for a long conference with his ship's agents. Repairs to the *Alceo* will take about three weeks. The *Grenville* has been accompanying the light aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Triumph* on exercises. The *Grenville*, launched in 1942 and completed in 1943, was built by Swan Hunter and named as the leader of the Ulster class.

BIG SHIPS and LITTLE SHIPS

PROVIDE HEADLINE NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE "HIGHLAND LASSIE" REACHES MALTA AFTER BEING MISSING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN FOR A MONTH: The former minesweeper being towed into Grand Harbour by the Italian Navy tug *Atlante*. The *Highland Lassie* was found adrift, but the skipper refused to be towed to a Sicilian port, preferring the sanctuary of Malta. It transpired that for thirty-two days the ship had been pushed backwards and forwards by strong gales and raging seas in the Mediterranean. The crew rigged up a form of propulsion with the aid of the winch motor, and this took them along at a speed of 2 knots. During the thirty-two days adrift several Italian ships passed the *Highland Lassie* and took messages, but these were never relayed. Aboard the vessel on arrival at Malta were three Englishmen, a Frenchman and three Moroccans.

A BIG SHIP PROCEEDS THROUGH THE HEART OF MODERN CHICAGO: The Great Lakes vessel *Tom H. Girdler* moving under the Jackson Boulevard Bridge en route to Lake Michigan. The skipper of this 600-ft. ore vessel faced a series of difficult bends as he made his way towards the open water. Of recent months the ore fleet of the Great Lakes has been increased considerably, and some very large vessels are now plying on these waters. They bring the ore to Chicago from the declining deposits of the Meshabi Ridge. Soon America's steel industry will be going farther afield for her main supplies of ore.

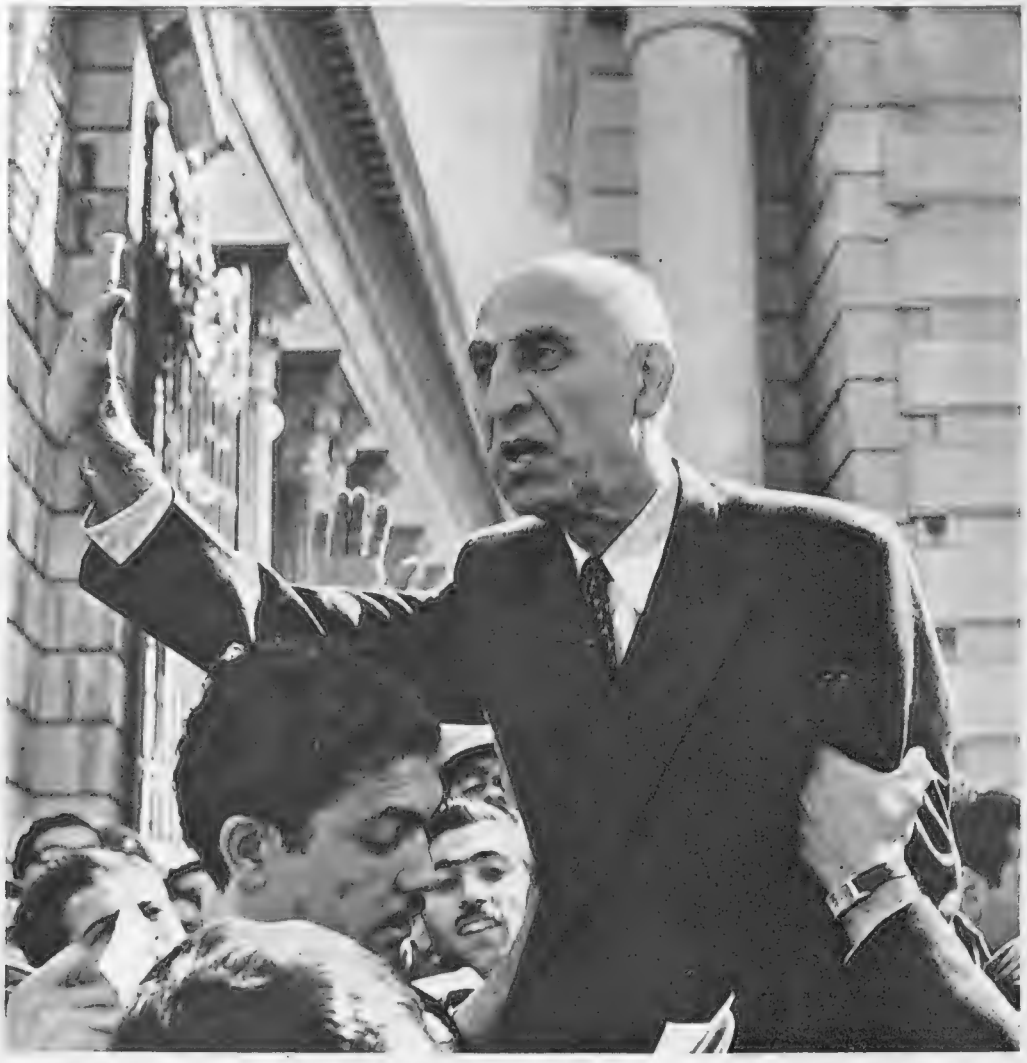
THE "LETHARGIA" MAKES FAST AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE: This raft, described by its occupants as a mad-house, set out in July from New Kensington, Pennsylvania, via the inland waterways of America en route to New Orleans, near the delta of the Mississippi. New Kensington lies in the vicinity of Pittsburg. The crew of the *Lethargia* consists of Mary Ellin McCrady, who is seen stooping in the foreground, of Don Brown, who is tending the outboard motor, Geraldine Garcia, and Milton Borden. The *Lethargia* may be described as a sort of ditch-crawling *Kon-Tiki* without scientific aims and objects.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CABIN CRUISER "MERRY WIND": The little ship lying at the quayside at Lowestoft where police have been investigating the deaths of four of the occupants, and the view has been expressed that the cause was carbon monoxide poisoning. Four happy holidaymakers from Doncaster hired the four-berth cruiser for a fortnight's sailing on the Norfolk Broads. They were Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Abdy, both in their mid-twenties, their baby Stephen, and two young friends, Miss Audrey McKinnon and Mr. Michael King. For ten days their only trouble was bad weather. But at Oulton Broad all were found dead in the cruiser, except baby Stephen. He was sitting on the floor crying. None showed signs of injury.

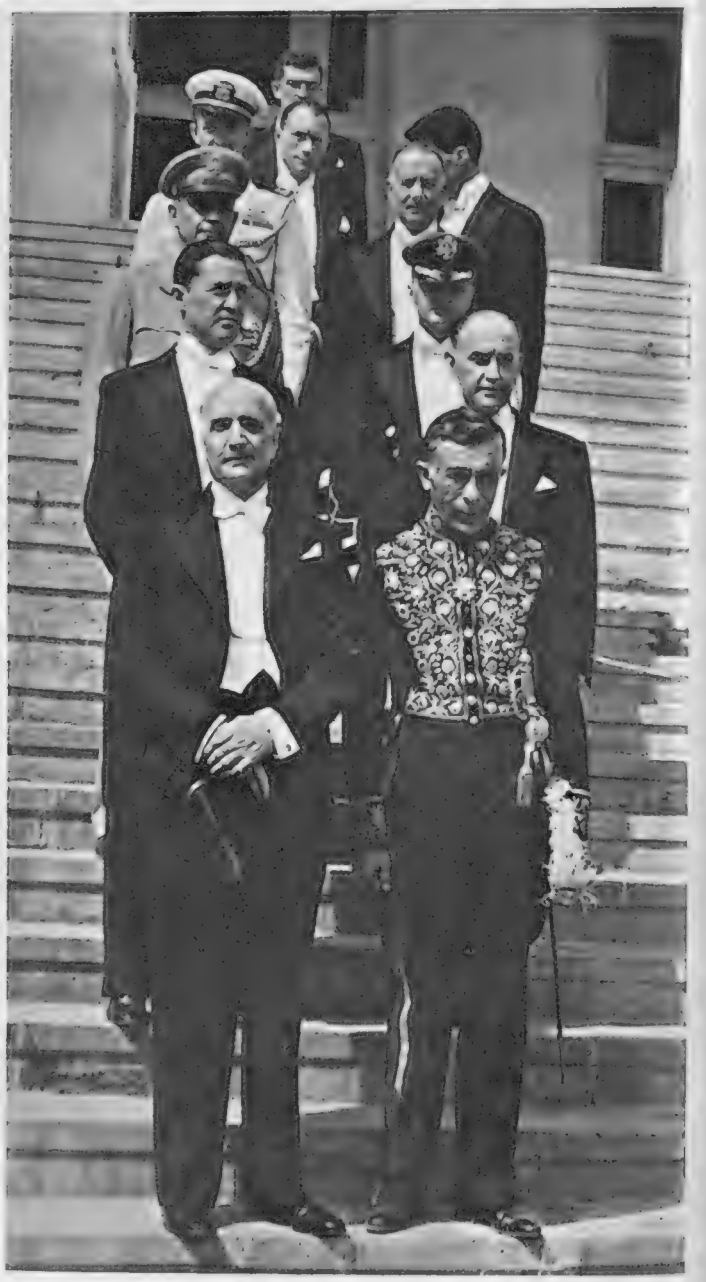
THE PERSIAN IMBROGLIO

AN IMPASSIONED SPEECH IN TEHERAN, AND AN OVERRIDING VOTE IN NEW YORK

THE UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL, DEFEATING RUSSIAN AND YUGOSLAV OBJECTIONS, VOTES TO HEAR CHARGES BY BRITAIN IN THE PERSIAN OIL DISPUTE: Sir Gladwyn Jebb, of Great Britain, and Mr. Warren Austen (right), of the United States, raising their hands during the voting at Flushing Meadow. Russia's delegate, Mr. Tsarapkin, is seen at the left. The British resolution asked the Security Council of U.N. to call upon Persia to abide by the International Court of Justice's ruling—rejected in Teheran—that the status quo be maintained for the time being in Persia. Sir Gladwyn Jebb agreed to a postponement of the debate for ten days to allow the Persian Premier time to reach New York.



IN PERSIA, THE HERO OF THE HOUR: Premier Mohammed Mossadek, defying his own ban on public gatherings, seen as he was held on the shoulders of the crowd as he delivered an emotional speech outside the Persian Parliament. Dr. Mossadek spoke for twenty-five minutes, outlining his efforts to obtain British co-operation in the oilfields. He was then carried into the Majlis, where, it was reported, he fainted as a result of his exertions. It was stated last week that on his visit to New York to address the Security Council Dr. Mossadek would be accompanied by a priest, by his medical adviser (who is his son, Dr. Gholam Mossadek) and his cook. Twenty seats were reserved on the airliner.

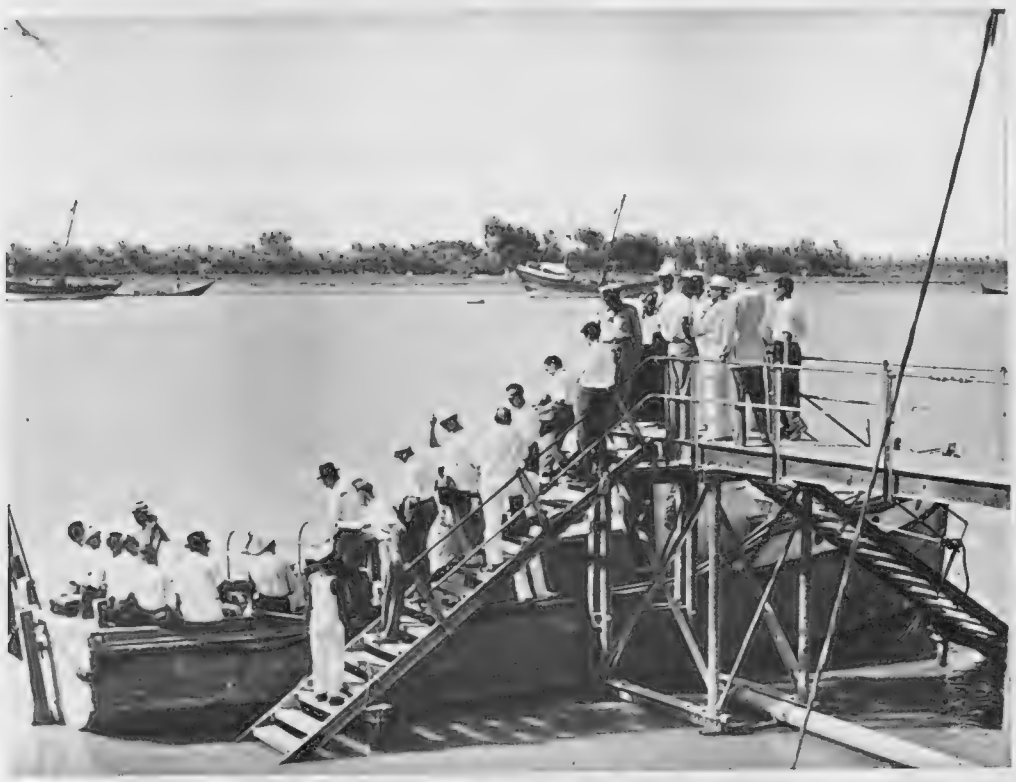


THE NEW UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR IN TEHERAN: Mr. Loy Henderson (left foreground) seen as he left the Shah's Palace with members of his entourage after presenting his credentials as United States Ambassador. Mr. Henderson had just flown from India on relinquishing his post as United States Ambassador in Delhi. Mr. Henderson's first task was to convey a special message to the Shah from President Truman on the present critical situation in Persia. After meeting the Shah, Mr. Henderson received Sir Francis Shepherd, the British Ambassador, from whom he heard the latest developments.

GOOD-BYE TO ABADAN!

THE BRITISH STAFF IS WITHDRAWN FROM THE PERSIAN OILFIELDS, LEAVING THE PERSIANS IN CONTROL

THE OILMEN DEPART: *Left*—British members of the staff of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company gathering at the Gymkhana Club, Abadan, where they brought their luggage before going aboard the cruiser *Mauritius*, which took them to Basra, in Iraq. *Right*—Mr. Kenneth Ross, the burly General Manager of the Anglo-Iranian refineries, bidding good-bye to a colleague on the deck of the launch which took the departing Britons out to the cruiser. Mr. Ross remained behind at Abadan for twenty-four hours, accompanying Mr. Mason, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's Acting General Manager in Khuzistan. These two left on the following day with four other technicians. After their departure the great oil refinery came completely under Persian control, and production difficulties at once loomed ahead.



THE LAST MINUTES AT ABADAN: A party of oilmen boarding the launch which took them out to the British cruiser *Mauritius*. The embarkation began at 9 a.m. and was completed at 10.30. Needless to say, the Persians co-operated well in speeding the departing Britons.

PERSIAN OIL-WORKERS WATCH THE DEPARTING BRITONS: They showed little emotion, but it is known that they are most concerned about the future of their own jobs at the refinery.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: *Left*—**Mr. Ross and Mr. Mason (the latter standing in centre background) waving from the launch as the *Mauritius* left her anchorage, and (*right*) some of the oilmen gazing shorewards from the *Mauritius*, taking their last look at the great refinery.** On their departure the Anglo-Iranian staff were handed copies of a telegram from Sir William Fraser, Chairman of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, to Mr. Mason, the Company's chief representative in Khuzistan. The message said: "At this time, when you and your staff are leaving a great industry which has been built up by you and your predecessors, I and my co-directors, with all your colleagues in the United Kingdom and oversea, join in tribute to your courage and tenacity in face of the most difficult situations which ever confronted management and staff in the company's history."

BRITAIN'S HERITAGE

More of the Nation's Ancient Buildings are Being Preserved; Hydro-Electric and Reservoir Schemes Threaten Beauty Spots in Wales

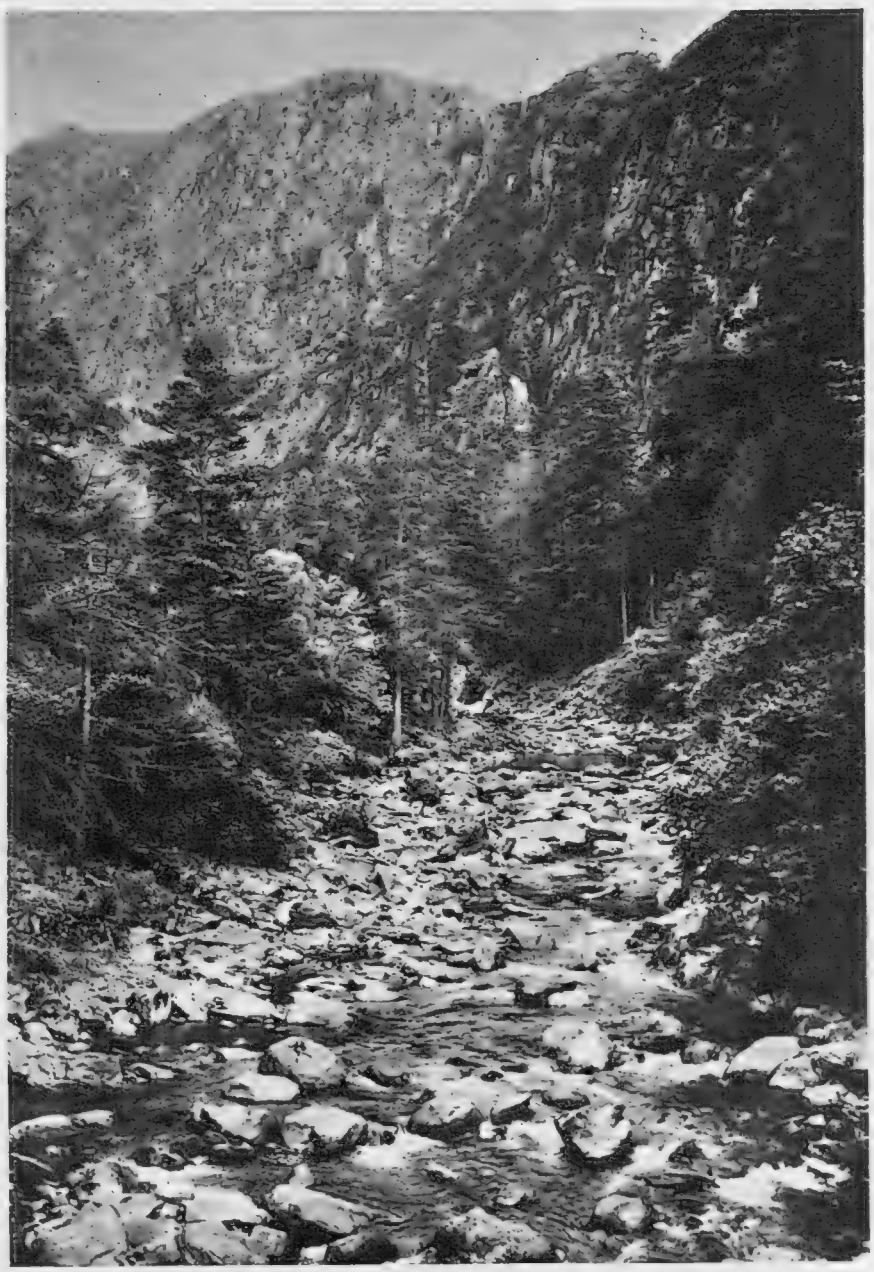
A FUTURE MUSEUM STREET FOR THE NEW BRISTOL WHICH IS TO ARISE FROM THE DEVASTATION CAUSED BY THE WAR: *Left*—A general view of King Street showing the Theatre Royal, the oldest theatre in the country (1765), now under the care of the Arts Council and the home of the Bristol Old Vic; the Coopers' Hall, now scheduled as an ancient monument, and the many-gabled St. Nicholas Almshouses. The Corporation are preserving all three as part of their scheme for a Museum Street in connection with the city's fifty-year rebuilding plan. *Right*—A closer view of the Coopers' Hall with its handsome Georgian façade designed in 1744 by William Halfpenny, which was built at a time when the rum and wine trades were very prosperous. In the Hall was transacted the business of the Coopers' Guild, including the indenturing of their apprentices, but in recent years it has been used as a warehouse.

***On left*—THE NATIONAL TRUST ACQUIRES AN IRISH MANSION: A view of the Georgian Castlecoole, Co. Fermanagh, which the National Trust has acquired from the Ulster Land Fund through a grant made by the Northern Ireland Ministry of Finance. The property also includes 70 acres of wooded land, containing the only colony of graylag geese permanently resident in the country. The house, an outstanding example of late-Georgian architecture, was built in 1798 by James Wyatt, for Armar Lowry-Corry, first Earl of Belmore. It still contains original interior decorations and plaster work, carried out by Adam's plasterer, Joseph Rose.**

A PLACE OF RETIREMENT FOR ELDERLY CLERGY IN THE DIOCESE OF CHELMSFORD—THE OLD ALMSHOUSES AT AUDLEY END, NEAR SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX, WHICH NOW FORM PART OF THE COLLEGE OF ST. MARK: *Left*—The west front of the College as it appeared before conversion. *Right*—The south and west elevations of the College, which was dedicated by the Bishop of Chelmsford on the eve of Michaelmas. The almshouses were built about 350 years ago on the site of an "infirmaria" used by the Benedictine Abbey of Walden. The property was given to the diocese by Lord Braybrooke, but £5,000 is still required to complete the reconstruction and equipment of the College.

Before the Right Rev. H. A. Wilson resigned the See of Chelmsford he inaugurated the Clergy Sustentation Fund, which is designed to safeguard diocesan stipends. He also saw the beginning of the arrangements for the establishment of the College of St. Mark, the name given to a block of almshouses at Audley End, Essex, which has been made into a home for elderly retired priests and their wives. The old houses appear to date from the early seventeenth century, and were endowed as almshouses by the first Earl of Suffolk. In the course of years and with the waning fortunes of the Earls of Suffolk, the houses fell into decay and remained in that state until a few years ago when the present Lord Braybrooke, having heard of the plan for a home for retired clergy, offered them to the Bishop of Chelmsford with a suggestion that they might suit the purpose. The gift was accepted and the houses have now been divided into self-contained quarters for ten married and two single priests. The collegians will be asked to furnish their own quarters and pay a fixed rent, which will, it is hoped, be appropriate to their means. Financial assistance to the scheme has been given by many subscribers in the Chelmsford diocese and by the Pilgrim Trust and the National Corporation for the Care of Old People.

LLANTHONY PRIORY, IN THE LOVELY HONDDU VALLEY OF SOUTH WALES, MAY BE ENGULFED BY THE WATERS OF A RESERVOIR: In the Middle Ages the country here was very wild and desolate. The monks, "having no mind to sing to the wolves," ran off to more clement regions. The existing remains of the Priory date probably from the twelfth century, when Prior William of Wycombe made a determined but futile effort to coax the errant monks back to their old home. Apart from being one of the loveliest parts of the Black Mountains area, the Honddu Valley is associated with many names celebrated in art and letters. J. M. W. Turner painted the valley and the poet Walter Savage Landor had his home there at one time. In 1924 Eric Gill, the great sculptor and typographer, found his way up the valley to the little village of Capel-y-Ffin where, during the next four years, he did much of his most distinguished work. Near the same village the strange Anglican priest Joseph Leycester Lynne, who became known as Father Ignatius and who struggled for years to revive monasticism in the English Church, built a monastery. Few joined his Benedictine Order there. Of those who did, many quickly fell away and the building now stands empty. Correspondents writing in the national Press have vigorously protested against a scheme which would make a reservoir of the Honddu Valley.



ABERGLASLYN PASS IN CAERNARVONSHIRE, NORTH WALES, WHICH IS NOW CARED FOR BY THE NATIONAL TRUST: The industrial revolution, spewing coal-mines and slag-heaps in its path, desolated the valleys of South Wales. In the north, the dearth of minerals there saved the country from a similar fate, but now the British Electricity Authority plan to introduce a Bill providing for the construction in North Wales of seven hydro-electric schemes. Aberglaslyn Pass, which has been compared with the Via Mala or the Gorge of Gondo, is one of the threatened beauty spots and funds are being raised to fight against the Authority's decision. Twelve miles from Aberglaslyn lies the Nant Ffrancon, which is to become a reservoir under one of the schemes. This would destroy Benglog Falls—the Falls of the Skull—a series of cataracts which leap from the lake Llyn Idwal down into the head of Nant Ffrancon. There may still be time to modify the £20,000,000 hydro-electric schemes, and save from destruction these natural glories of North Wales.

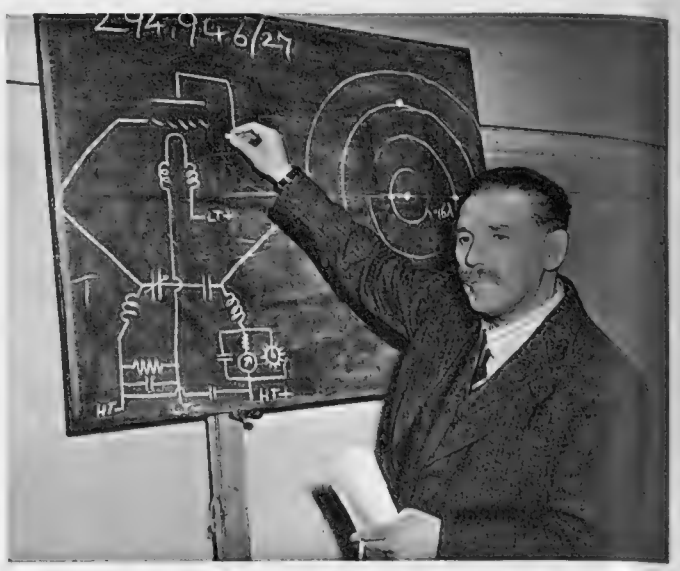
THE RUINED AISLE OF LLANTHONY PRIORY: The building is of transitional Norman architecture and was erected at the close of the twelfth century. During the reign of Stephen, the monks, who were Augustinian Canons, moved to Gloucester.

MICHAELMASTIDE IN ENGLAND

Home News in Pictures as Britain's Festival Summer Gives Way to Autumn

THE FIRST BISHOP TO BE CONSECRATED IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL—THE VENERABLE K. E. N. LAMPLUGH IS MADE BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF SOUTHAMPTON ON ST. MICHAEL'S DAY : The scene within the Cathedral Church of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity as the Bishop-Designate knelt before the Archbishop of Canterbury for the ceremony of the laying on of hands during the singing of the Veni Creator Spiritus (Come, Holy Ghost, our Souls Inspire). Grouped around Dr. Fisher are the Bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese the new Bishop will officiate, and the other assistant bishops at the service including the Bishops of Guildford, Truro and Portsmouth, the Bishops Suffragan of Grimsby and Lewes, and Bishops Lang, Sheddon, Fisher (brother of the Archbishop), Karney, Roberts and Corfield. The Venerable Lamplugh, formerly Archdeacon of Lincoln, was presented to the Archbishop by the Bishops of Winchester and Lincoln, who also took part in the celebration of the Eucharist. The address was given by the Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Venerable Alexander Sargent.

THE OPENING OF THE MICHAELMAS LAW SITTINGS—THE PROCESSION OF JUDGES LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER A SPECIAL SERVICE : When this picture was taken the judges, led by the Lord Chancellor's mace-bearer, were on their way to the House of Lords for the Lord Chancellor's reception. Walking just behind Lord Jowitt is Lord Goddard, the Lord Chief Justice. The ceremony preceded the reopening of the Law Courts for the Michaelmas Law Sittings. During the Abbey service other judges attended a service at Westminster Cathedral.



MR. L. L. K. HONEYBALL, OF LEOMINSTER, WHO HAS PUT FORWARD HIS CLAIM TO BE THE INVENTOR OF RADAR : Mr. Honeyball, who is forty-eight and describes himself as "a real old-fashioned inventor," told the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors last week that he was the first person to make radar work. He described how in 1923 he had noticed strange reactions in his radio when a lawn-mower was moved past it, and said that he had noticed the effect a 6-ft. man—"one quarter of a wavelength high"—had on his transmitter when walking nearby. He was experimenting with aerials at the time. Mr. Honeyball said he had foreseen the possibilities of applying his discovery as an "infantry detector" to make surprise night attacks impossible, but he had no idea it would be practicable for detecting aeroplanes. In this picture Mr. Honeyball is seen at the blackboard with a diagram of what he claims to be the first radar transmitter.

THE ANNUAL TASTING OF FRENCH WINES IN LONDON : Some of the wine merchants from London, the Provinces and Scotland and from French houses who gathered in the wine cellar of J. L. P. Lebègue and Company, Ltd., London Bridge, last week for the annual tasting of French wines. 150 varieties, representing all the well-known districts and the great vintage years, were available. The wine-tasting, which takes place annually in London, provides experts with an opportunity which even in France would be unique. A special display was made of the fine burgundies of the Domain of La Romanée-Conti.

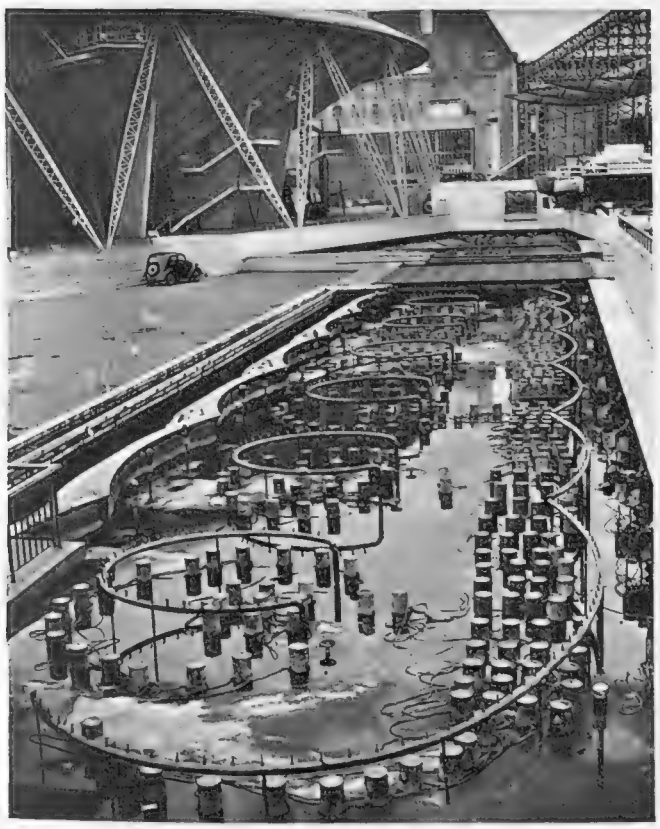
THE NEW LONDON TRANSPORT GREEN LINE COACH : It is the first of a fleet of over 260 coaches of a new design which will during the next nine months replace all the Green Line coaches at present in service. Known as the RF, the new coach has luxury springing and offers passengers superlative comfort. The front looks rather like that of a London underground train, for there is no front radiator. "Pilot Injection," a device that almost eliminates engine noise, has been introduced. The coach has more window-space, is 2½ ft. longer and carries seven more passengers than previous types. Boarding and alighting will be facilitated by the press-button folding doors. Green Line routes link London with outlying country districts.

LORD AND LADY PETHICK-LAWRENCE AT THE DINNER GIVEN FOR THEM BY FORMER SUFFRAGETTES : The occasion was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Lord Pethick-Lawrence was once editor of a suffragette newspaper and his wife on one occasion chained herself to the railings of 10, Downing Street. He has said that he married his wife because she smoked cigarettes, because she could jump off moving buses, and because she didn't wear gloves whenever she went out for a walk ; all of which marked her at that time as a " liberated " woman. At the dinner given for them last week one of the speakers was Miss Sylvia Pankhurst. Mr. Krishna Menon, High Commissioner for India, paid tribute to the work of Lord Pethick-Lawrence as Secretary of State for India, an office he held at the time when the independence of India was being prepared for.

SOME OF THE WOMEN WHO WENT TO PRISON FOR THEIR PART IN THE SUFFRAGETTE MOVEMENT : Seen at the dinner given by suffragettes to Lord and Lady Pethick-Lawrence they are (left to right) Miss Janet Barrowman, Miss Ada Flatman, Miss Charlotte Marsh, Miss Anna Munro, Miss Mary Phillips and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.

RESTORING THE TOWER OF ENGLAND'S OLDEST CHURCH—WORK IN PROGRESS AT ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY : From Roman and Saxon times this ancient site has known Christian thought and worship. The church of St. Martin's was founded on the remains of a Roman chapel, probably dating back to the first century A.D., which was restored for the use of the Christian Queen Bertha, daughter of the King of Paris, as part of her contract of marriage with the heathen King Ethelbert in (*circa*) A.D. 560. Throughout the building Roman bricks abound and 20 ft. of the chancel is entirely Roman. Saxons and Normans have contributed their shares and their work is plain to see in arch, wall and roof. St. Martin's stands on a gently sloping hill overlooking the City of Canterbury and the Cathedral.

THROUGH THE GARDEN WALL : This is what Mrs. Beatrice Lemon, aged seventy-five, saw when she went out into the back garden of her house in Brookland Street, Battersea, London. The locomotive was on a turntable in the siding on the other side of the 15-ft.-high wall when it ran off the rails and crashed through the wall into Mrs. Lemon's garden.



CLOSING DOWN THE FESTIVAL AT SOUTH BANK—DESOLATE SCENES OUTSIDE THE DOME OF DISCOVERY : Within a matter of hours after the last of the Festival visitors had left the South Bank site the demolitioners moved in and began their task of removing the unique exhibits. The picture *on the left* shows the framework of the once attractive fountains at the end of the Fairway, while that *on the right* shows the first signs of demolition. One of the first jobs was to remove the small valuable exhibits and to clear several pavilions for the storage of some of the equipment and fittings which are to be sold by auction. The first large exhibit to leave the site was the Railton Special car. At the same time workmen started demolishing the brick base on which stood the large engine built for the Indian Government Railways. When the engine eventually goes into service it will carry the inscription " Festival of Britain."

THE 200-YEAR-OLD SLUICE GATES ON THE RIVER HAVEN NEAR THE STAR INN, NORMANS BAY, IN SUSSEX, WHICH ARE TO BE REMOVED AS PART OF A RIVER-WIDENING SCHEME: They will be taken away when new sluice gates further upstream are completed. The East Sussex River Board is responsible for the scheme, which will take six years to complete and will cost about £80,000. The River Haven runs through the marshes near Pevensey, a village midway between Eastbourne and Hastings and the reputed landing-place of William the Conqueror. A two-mile stretch of the river will be widened by 100 ft. to prevent large deposits of silt blocking the river's flow. This should put an end to floods in winter-time and in the summer to the droughts which cause much hardship for cattle. Incidentally, the widening of the river will provide far better sport for fresh-water anglers of the county.

TAMING THE RIVER HAVEN

An Irrigation Scheme in Sussex to Prevent Flooding and Droughts Will Provide New Scope for the Angler

A PART OF THE RIVER HAVEN WHICH HAS ALREADY BEEN WIDENED UNDER THE NEW IRRIGATION SCHEME: The narrow, silted bed of the river provided in the past only limited supplies of food for fish, but local anglers will benefit greatly by the work of widening the river and in a few years fish there should have multiplied.

WHERE WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR STUMBLED IN THE SAND: Pevensey, at the mouth of the River Haven, is now a mile from the sea, but once it was a little port where the Conqueror landed in 1066.

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW SLUICE GATES: They are to replace the old ones, which have been in existence for two centuries. When the widening of this stretch of the river has been completed, Pevensey Levels, above the village, will no longer suffer flood and drought.

THE PRIME MINISTER ADDRESSES THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF THE LABOUR PARTY AT SCARBOROUGH : Mr. Attlee delivering his address to the delegates. Seated beside him was Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Foreign Secretary. Mr. Attlee opened the debate on the Labour Party's Manifesto. He was received with prolonged cheering by an audience of 1,500. The Premier told his hearers that the Labour Party was going into the General Election full of confidence. "We are proud of our record," he declared. Mr. Morrison wound up the debate, challenging Mr. Churchill to say whether in his view we should have gone to war with Persia or not.

MR. CHURCHILL AT THE OPENING OF THE TORY CAMPAIGN IN LIVERPOOL : Britain's former leader in solemn mood on the platform of Liverpool Stadium, where he was acclaimed by a vast crowd. "I never before had the same feeling, not even in the war, that the whole future of our country is hanging in the balance," said Mr. Churchill. "A mood of deep anxiety, mingled with bewilderment, oppresses the nation."

THE ELECTION BATTLE IN PROGRESS

THE LABOUR PARTY'S SCARBOROUGH CONFERENCE AND THE CONSERVATIVES' LIVERPOOL RALLY

THE SCARBOROUGH GATHERING WHERE LABOUR'S POLICY FOR THE GENERAL ELECTION WAS LAUNCHED UPON THE NATION : In the centre of the platform sat Miss Alice Bacon, the Chairman of the Party, who delivered the keynote address at the start of the conference. On her right sat Mr. Morgan Phillips, the Party Secretary. Towards the left of the platform sat Mr. Shinwell, Mr. Dalton and Mr. Morrison. Mr. Shinwell's displacement from the Executive at the end of the conference was one of the only big surprises in a rather uneventful gathering.

THE MAN WHO HAS HELPED TO FRAME THE CONSERVATIVE PROGRAMME : Mr. R. A. Butler, former Minister of Education, quoting from the document, "Britain Strong and Free," as he addressed a Conservative Press Conference at Church House, Westminster

LADY MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, IMPASSIONED PROTAGONIST OF WELSH LIBERALISM, SPEAKING AT THE BORDERS LIBERAL RALLY AT SELKIRK : The daughter of the great "L.G." remains a potent force upon the political scene, although the party she represents is reduced so greatly in numbers. Lady Megan has been M.P. for Anglesey since 1929, and has over twenty unbroken years' service in Parliament.

THE BEVANITES, WHO SCORED A NOTABLE VICTORY FOR THE LEFT WING OF THE LABOUR PARTY AT THE SCARBOROUGH CONFERENCE : Mr. Harold Wilson, former President of the Board of Trade, who was not elected to the Party Executive, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, who topped the poll, Mr. Ian Mikardo, who was elected with 561,000 votes, Mr. Tom Driberg, who was elected with 646,000 votes, and Mrs. Castle, who was elected with 676,000 votes. The Bevanites secured the first three places in this voting for local Labour Party representatives on the Executive.

THE ISLE OF STAFFA FROM THE SOUTH, WITH MULL IN THE BACKGROUND: Staffa lies about seven miles from the nearest point of Mull and six miles north by east of Iona. The island is 71 acres in extent, with no trees upon its uneven tableland and only a few shrubs clinging to the more protected parts of the cliffs. Regarded in section, the rocks of Staffa show themselves to be of three kinds—conglomerated tufa, forming the base; columnar basalt, arranged by nature in colonnades, which form the façades and the walls of the chief caves; and amorphous basalt, for the most part overlying the columnar basalt. Fingal's Cave is the most famous of the caves.

SOME OF THE GREAT COLONNADES OF STAFFA: In Fingal's Cave these lofty columns appear to support the magnificent arch. They are of basalt and rise to a height of 60 ft. and more. The name Staffa is derived from the Scandinavian, meaning "pillar island." The island was well known to the Norse sea rovers.

THE COLONNADES OF STAFFA

THE FANTASTIC ISLE OF THE HEBRIDES WHICH HAS ATTRACTED POETS, MUSICIANS AND GEOLOGISTS

Six miles north by east of Iona and only a mile more to the west of the nearest point of Mull lies Staffa, one of the most remarkable of all the isles of Britain. Staffa is very small, with an area of only 71 acres. It supports no trees; only a few stunted bramble-bushes cling precariously to a sheltered spot on the east side. The island is remarkable for its basaltic colonnades, only a little inferior to those of Ulva, four miles away, and for the magnificent Fingal's Cave.

Geologists regard Staffa as a detached fragment of the great volcanic rocks found so extensively in Mull. It is believed that Staffa's basalts are identical with those of Mull, of Skye, of Antrim, and even of Iceland. What is now Staffa came into existence when Mull was one gigantic volcano, or, at any rate, the centre of colossal volcanic activity, discharging with every eruption, from a height of perhaps 12,000 ft., mighty floods of lava. With the disappearance, through subsidence and various types of epigene denudation, of large portions of the great basaltic plateau thus created, Staffa became approximately the island it is to-day. Its basalt colonnades are often curved, bent, or broken at numerous angles, and portions of them variously tilted, showing that mighty movements of the earth have occurred since they were formed.

Staffa's coast is penetrated by several caves, at least four of which are worthy of note. By the usual landing-place is the Clamshell Cave, so-called because the columns forming it have been bent by the earth's tectonics to resemble such a shell. Viewed from certain angles, these columns appear even more like the grey, lichened ribs of a Viking galley long since cast upon the shore. Its extraordinary shape renders impossible any exact dimensional measurements. Both this cave and the landing-place nearby are afforded considerable protection from the sea by the islet known to the Gaels as *Am Buachaille*, the Herdsman, which high tide divides in two. This islet, separated by a channel 14 ft. wide, consists entirely of fluted rocks set at every conceivable angle. Though attaining a height of only 30 ft. above mean water, it is spectacular indeed. Much of it resembles driftwood in the form of closely-packed logs cast upon one another by tempestuous seas driven against these rocks by the prevailing sou'-westers.

People come from all parts of the earth to see Fingal's Cave, celebrated by the music of Mendelssohn, and experienced travellers declare that nowhere else in the world is there anything of its kind quite so splendid. Loftier cliffs and larger caves there are in plenty, of course; but none of them occur in settings so solemn, so awesome or so inspiring as Fingal's Cave.

Almost as large as Fingal's is MacKinnon's Cave, where the cliffs' ledges are the resort of countless seabirds. It was named after John MacKinnon, who was Abbot of Iona toward the close of the fifteenth century. Here, according to tradition, the Abbot sought refuge at a time of schism.

Northward, at no great distance from MacKinnon's Cave, is the Cormorants' Cave, so-called from the preference of that bird for nesting in and about it.

The island's famous Causeway consists of the upper ends of innumerable columns, the tops of which, æons ago, were worn away. The ends are now either concave or convex; few if any are completely flat. Most of the columns are pentagonal or hexagonal, varying in diameter from 2 ft. to 2½ ft., and nonagonal examples are by no means rare.

Nearby is a formation flanking the Causeway, and known, for a reason immediately apparent, as the Bending Columns. Here the cliffs' lower parts are regularly curved, suggesting that, as the material of which they are composed came pouring down in a molten state, it was suddenly arrested and hardened by rapid cooling.

TIER UPON TIER OF BASALTIC COLUMNS : One of the remarkable sights upon Staffa, a paradise for the geologist, where nature exhibits her most flamboyant moods.

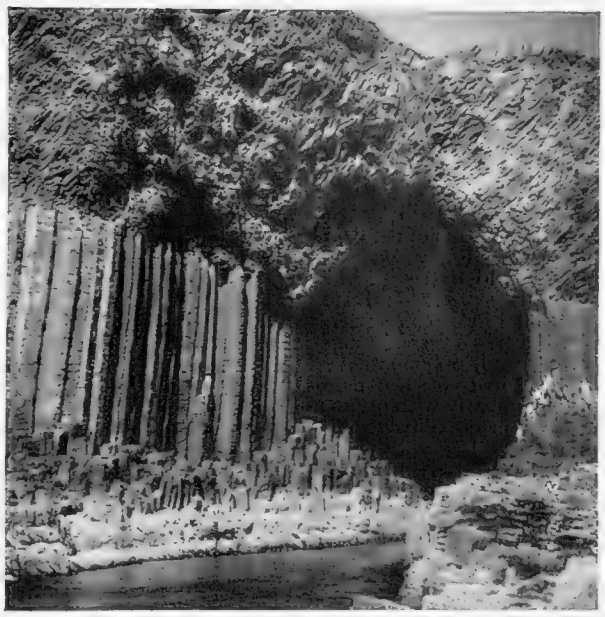
There seem to be no early references to Staffa, though it was known by—and received its name from—the Scandinavian sea-rovers. The earliest known mention of the island is probably that occurring in George Buchanan's history of Scotland, first published in 1582.

An Englishman (or was he an Irishman ?) named Leach, while on a visit to Drimnin, in the Morven district of Argyll, in 1772, was among the first to recognise the importance of Staffa and to sing its praises. Observing how remarkable an island it was, he landed and explored it. It was from Leach that Sir Joseph Banks learnt of the wonders of Staffa, an isle which from a distance resembles so many in these seas, but, on closer approach, demonstrates features that instantly astound. Banks visited Staffa in August, 1772, when on his way to Iceland on a natural history expedition, six years before he became President of the Royal Society.

Staffa has had many interesting visitors during the last century and a half. Thomas Campbell, the Glasgow poet, came in 1795. In 1810, the year in which George Douglas, Advocate, visited it, he and his young companion, Norris, played in Fingal's Cave a duet on their German flutes, producing an effect " nearly equal to that of a full band of music," astonishing the boatmen at the mouth of the cave,

PART OF THE HERDSMAN : This islet, which high tide divides in two, consists entirely of fluted rocks set at every conceivable angle. The islet affords protection from wind and wave for one of Staffa's few landing-places.

THE BASALTIC FORMATION AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BOAT CAVE : This shows very clearly the three kinds of rock forming the fantastic island. The columnar basalt provides the façades and the walls of all the chief caves. The amorphous basalt, overlying the columnar basalt, is pierced here and there by the ends of columns and by angular blocks. Other caves on Staffa are McKinnon's Cave, Cormorant's Cave and Clamshell Cave.



THE ENTRANCE TO FINGAL'S CAVE : The entrance is 42 ft. wide and 66 ft. high. The cave goes back a distance of 227 ft. The floor of this marvellous chamber is the sea.

and perhaps also the deer and the sheep grazing upon the island. They little thought that twenty-nine years later Felix Mendelssohn would give the name of this very cave to what has become one of the best known musical compositions.

Though Staffa is now uninhabited, this was not always the case. In 1772, when Sir Joseph Banks visited it, he found there a solitary hut tenanted by a peasant, who looked after some cattle and who was so overjoyed at the advent of human company that he sang Gaelic songs all through the night, and supplied Banks and his friends with fish and milk.

It seems incredible that, when the celebrated French geologist, Faujas de Saint Font, visited Staffa in the autumn of 1784, its population was sixteen. This number appears to have been distributed between two families dwelling apart in two huts, and in the most indescribable squalor. The huts were built of undressed blocks of stone, roofed with sods. A pyramidal opening in the middle of each served as a chimney, through which some daylight entered. Any further light was admitted by a door no more than 3 ft. high. The islanders' fuel consisted of clods of bad turf ; and they had a meagre sowing of oats and a planting of potatoes.

Alasdair Alpin McGregor

New Lamps and Old

SHERIDAN, the PUBLIC SERVANT

Two-Hundredth Anniversary Thoughts Upon a Misunderstood Genius

By JOHN GORE

"POOR, DEAR SHERRY": A 200th ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE.—Of all the men of genius whom England has produced, one who was born on October 30, 200 years ago—Richard Brinsley Sheridan—has been least understood and longest traduced. All his life he was the victim of misrepresentation; all his life he was made miserable by calumny. Calumny is bred of jealousy and it is not surprising that genius emerging so young, so dazzling and in so many spheres, should have aroused jealousy. The truth usually emerges when contemporary smoke clears from recent history. In Sheridan's case, so persistent, so continuous, so assured and so long uncontradicted was the calumny, that the smoke hangs over his career to this day. Still the 150-year-old lies pass current when Sheridan is the subject of a biography, an article or essay; still the calumnies and distortions put out by Croker after Sheridan's death and the half-truths carelessly or ruthlessly set down for posterity by Moore, are accepted as truth in the face of all the documentary evidence marshalled by Rae and by Sichel, or available in the pages of *Hansard*. Nothing can kill those lies. Sheridan is the victim of misrepresentation to Eternity, and no man ever had better cause to cry: "Save me from my friends, no less than from my enemies!" Byron was among the most understanding, and loyal among Sheridan's admirers, but that "poor, dear Sherry" which he once let slip has set the seal for all time on literary and historical judgment of Sheridan's character. I doubt if he meant it that way. Nothing will persuade the ready writer that there is anything much but Hogarthian squalor and tragedy to record after Sheridan's thirtieth year when, having reached the dizzy heights of supremacy in two or three then vitally important fields, he "began his decline into sottishness."

And yet, in sober truth, if the achievements of his dazzling youth up to the twenty-ninth year of his age were expunged from the records as though they had never been; if he had not at that tender age won for himself an influence on British drama second only to Shakespeare's, and a reputation as an orator second to none, the sober student of history, investigating Sheridan's political career from his thirtieth year to his death, would lay bare . . . what?

An able administrator, a sincere, courageous reformer, a shrewd and hard-working M.P., a politician who stood out half a century ahead of his time for the purity of his standards of political honesty, for breadth, vision and patriotism. And if the student turned to his subject's private life, he would disclose a tender, sensible father, a loved and admired husband, a sympathetic friend shrewd in counsel, a man who, living familiarly with drunkards and gamblers, contrived to cure himself of heavy drinking and to leave behind him insignificant debts and a patrimony for his children—and that after refusing a sinecure worth £2,000 a year. Cut out the dazzle, the high flights of genius, the triumphs and the eternal fame, and you find from authoritative documentary evidence a sound politician, ahead of his generation in industry, political morality, consistency, vision, and, above all, humanity. A useful, unromantic public servant.

Why Truth Remains Hidden.—What are the prime causes why this figure has never yet been suffered to emerge? Let us catalogue them:

The contemporary jealousy and the eternal curiosity which surround a few figures in our history whose dazzling triumphs were obtained from obscurity or in early youth. Contemporary jealousy was concerned to denigrate; posthumous curiosity is determined to keep the romance alive.

Such men as Sheridan and Byron have never been suffered to do anything *normally*. They must for ever live up to their romantic halo. Sheridan's own fecklessness and reckless generosity in what concerned himself aided the romanticists.

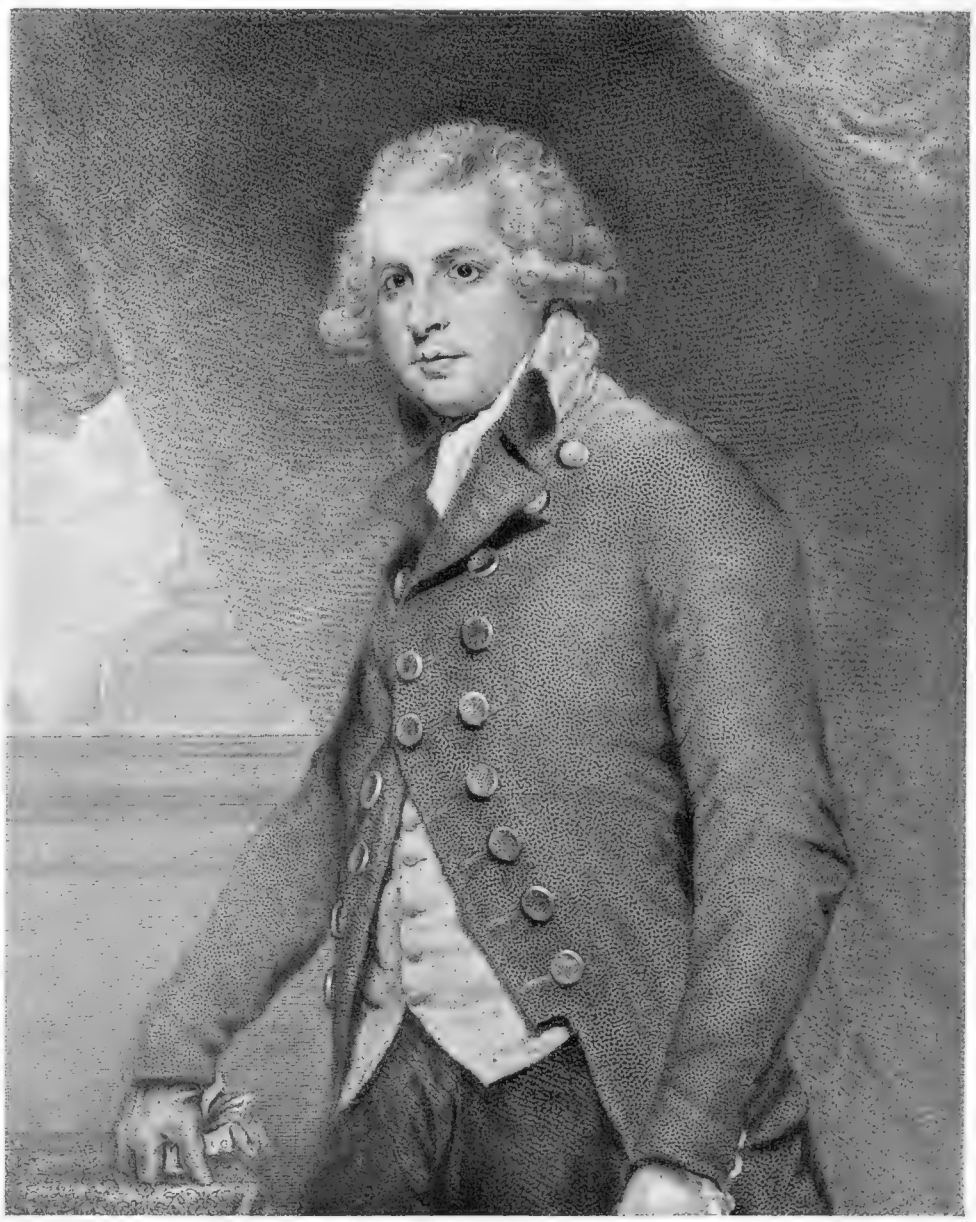
Even in the last years before his death, Sheridan must have appeared as a survival of a dead and wicked age. Every world war produces a revolution in thought. The difference between the world of 1775 and the world of 1816 was staggering. Between the Devonshire House circle of 1775 and the Bowood of 1816 there was nothing recognisable in common. Drinking, gambling, free-thinking and licence in speech and morality were rapidly declining.

The first written and spoken comments after a great man's death are seldom reliable or accurate. But their effect is very hard to correct. Croker's animus was political, and his lies (sottishness and pauper's death) were deliberately cooked-up and put out. Contemporaries of Sheridan at once sized up Moore's life of Sheridan as "damnable," and the line of denigration (faint praise) which he took is clear to us. We know that he got bored with the life, and finished it with more and more lack of enthusiasm, but beside this there is visible the jealousy of a minor poet and second-rate artist for a genius.

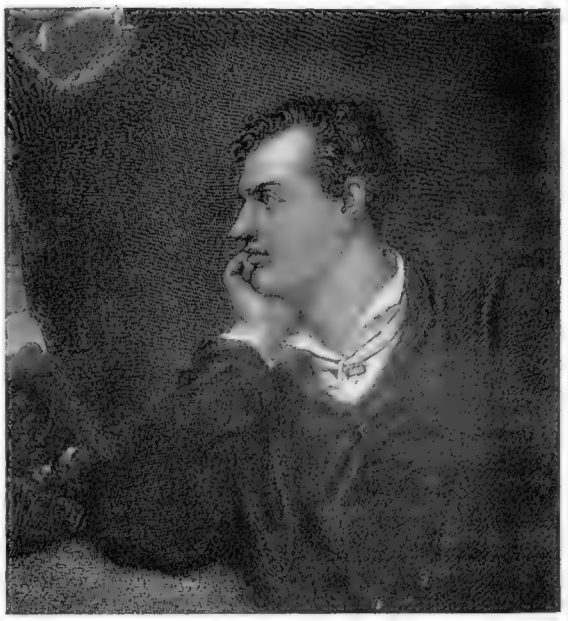
Every biographer of R.B.S. until Rae more or less followed Moore, repeating the lies without examining the evidence. The mid-Victorians who wrote of him had an obvious reason for keeping the lies going—their reprobation of a dissolute age. Mrs. Oliphant wrote merely as a prude, relating everything which Sheridan did to the standards of her mid-Victorian drawing-room.

Power the Preserve of Aristocracy.—A very important point: politics from Sheridan's youth, and up to fifteen years after his death, were the jealously-guarded preserve of an entrenched aristocracy. Marriott, in his *Modern England*, goes much further. He dates the breaking-in to the "preserve" only from 1888. Men not of an "assured" birth were given full rein to succeed *up to a point*. Beyond that they must not aspire. It seems incredible that Sheridan was never sworn of the Privy Council, but the careers of Canning and Tierney and many others show how important this point is. Sheridan's lineage was quite as ancient and respectable as Canning's, but it was not "good enough"; all his life he fought in politics with the handicap of being an "actor-chap" and the son of a pedagogue. Such a man it was essential to "keep in his place" by crying down dazzling genius or success, and watering-down every evidence of sound statesmanship and honest industry. As for his uncontrovertible altruism and political purity, those were so far in advance of his age that they were bound to inspire detraction and misrepresentation. Unfashionable virtues always irritate. And the handful of Whigs who in Sheridan's latter days fought consistently and genuinely for social reform were never much encouraged by the Party's so-called leaders.

Indeed, there is nothing to surprise us in the misrepresentations concerning him put out in his lifetime and in the decade following his death. But it *is* curious that the lies should pass current two centuries after his birth. There is no political venom still active, and the art of biography has made remarkable progress in our day. Bias everywhere gives place to the overriding claim of naked truth. Since Sichel's painstaking biography of Sheridan, no known source of documents concerning Sheridan has remained untapped. Both Rae's and Sichel's marshalled evidence, not to speak of *Hansard's*, must be acceptable in a British court of law as proof that Sheridan, the politician, was the outstanding figure they describe, and that Sheridan in private life made no Hogarthian decline into sottishness, fecklessness and failure. But still men and women write memoirs and essays on "Sherry" and still compound the mixture as before of the old lies and slanders and half-truths. But it is fair to add that the last published biography goes much nearer the truth and rejects some of the ancient libels



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, THE SO-CALLED HARLEQUIN SENATOR, WHO GAVE MASTERPIECES OF COMEDY AND ORATION TO PLAYHOUSE AND PARLIAMENT: Sheridan was the only man of his age to make a deep impression as an active politician and as a dramatist. Sheridan was born in Dublin on October 30, 1751. His father was Thomas Sheridan, the actor, and his mother was a playwright. His ready wit and social charm made him a favourite in both political and literary circles, and both at Westminster and Drury Lane his mastery of oratorical devices brought him to fame. His honourable consistency as a politician has never received due praise. He was both an able administrator and a sincere and courageous reformer. This engraving by Hicks is taken from the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.



BYRON, THE POET AND THE STAUNCH DEFENDER OF SHERIDAN: He was among the most understanding and loyal of Sheridan's admirers, but rather unfortunately coined the phrase "Poor, dear Sherry."

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

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EDINBURGH — LONDON — BERLIN AND BUENOS AIRES

RECENT NEWS PICTURES FROM FOUR CITIES

THE REOPENING OF THE SCOTTISH COURT OF SESSION—EDINBURGH'S JUDGES ATTEND A SPECIAL SERVICE AT ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL: Lord Cooper (first left), Lord Justice-General and Lord President of the Court of Session, and Lord Thomson, Lord Justice-Clerk, leading the procession of judges from the Cathedral. The ceremony marked the opening of the Court of Session's Winter Term.

OIL MEN RETURN TO ENGLAND IN BELLIGERENT MOOD: Mr. Ross (centre), General Manager of the Abadan Refinery, and Mr. A. E. Mason (right), the Anglo-Iranian Company's representative in Southern Persia, being interviewed on arrival at London Airport. They were the last to leave Abadan when the evacuation was carried out last week. On arrival in England, Mr. Ross wrote an article for the Sunday press beginning with the words: "I come back to London to-day—after nineteen years working for British interests in Persia—with a story of defeat and humiliation. When I discovered in Rome on the way home that it had been suggested that we had asked to be evacuated I was flabbergasted. There is no other word for it. It is not my business to reply to Mr. Attlee or Mr. Morrison, but I feel the Persians should have been handled more firmly. If force was necessary we should have used force. But," continued Mr. Ross "I do not think force was necessary."

PRESIDENT PERON MAKES A RARE APPEARANCE IN UNIFORM: The Argentinian leader seen addressing a meeting of officers shortly before the abortive revolt in Argentina. The revolt had some curious features, not the least of which was the speed with which it was crushed. Only two shots are known to have been fired.

THIS WAS THE HIGH-SPEED REACTION OF BUENOS AIRES WORKERS IN RESPONSE TO THE NEWS OF THE REVOLT AGAINST PERON: Members of the Peronista Labour Organisation en route to the palace, where they gathered to assure the Argentinian leader of their complete support for the regime. It was only a matter of minutes after the announcement of the revolt staged by certain army leaders that the workers responded in this fashion. At least eighty well-known Opposition leaders were arrested in various parts of the country, including the Socialist candidate for President in the coming elections. Outside Argentina the affair was reported with considerable scepticism. It is thought the incident may stir up some popular enthusiasm for the Peron cause

WEST BERLIN POLICE BREAK UP AN ATTEMPTED COMMUNIST RALLY IN THE WORKING-CLASS WEDDING DISTRICT OF BERLIN: *On left*—Communist girls flee before the truncheons of the police during the affray. *On right*—One of the sixty Communists arrested during the fighting is dragged off by police. When more than 5,000 Communists crossed from the Russian Zone into the Wedding district a stone-throwing battle ensued between them and the Germans living there. Western police, reinforced from three neighbouring districts, forced them back by truncheon charges and by water jets from powerful hoses mounted on tank lorries. The Communist demonstrators retaliated by tearing up paving-stones and hurling them at the police, two of whom were injured, one very seriously.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

Some MEMOIRS, LETTERS and NOVELS

This Week's Books Include Works from the Duke of Windsor, Daphne du Maurier and Mrs. Angela Thirkell

THE Duke of Windsor's memoirs have had what might moderately be called considerable advance publicity. Now they appear in book form as A KING'S STORY (Cassell. 25s.), and will doubtless have a wide public, particularly among those eager to read his own story of the abdication, and the events that preceded his marriage in France to the lady who was Mrs. Wallis Simpson. For many, however, and myself among them, the most interesting sections of the book are those dealing with the Duke's boyhood, for here is most clearly revealed his parents' own pattern of life, their dignity, good sense and royal poise. The photographs, many of them reproductions of personal snapshots, add a good deal to the book's quality.

Miss Daphne du Maurier has edited a collection of letters written, and in many cases delightfully illustrated, by her grandfather, whose contributions to *Punch* were popular for many years before he wrote *Trilby* or *Peter Ibbetson*. THE YOUNG GEORGE DU MAURIER (Peter Davies. 18s.) covers the period from 1860 to 1867, and shows the artist as he was at the age of twenty-six when he first came to London and established himself in his friend Whistler's studio. He paid Whistler 10s. a week for his half-share of this and divided the place with a sheet hung on a line. It was now that he began to build up his reputation, became a regular contributor to *Punch* and a familiar figure in London, where he wrote in one of his letters to his mother, "What a lucky beast I am in my friends." The character shown through these intimate writings (most of them are to his wife, his sister or his mother) is a charming, if not a profound one. He was happy in his marriage and in his children, and one can understand the appeal he had for those who knew him or had even met him casually, by his spontaneity, his gaiety and his complete naturalness. It is these qualities which, in spite of his occasional despondency, temper his sharp observations on such contemporaries as Watts, Swinburne and Rossetti.

ABOUT KINGSMILL (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) is a work based on affection and appreciation. Hugh Kingsmill died nearly two years ago, and his friends, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge and Mr. Hesketh Pearson, themselves writers of distinction, have contrived a memoir of him that has great vitality and spirit through an exchange of letters recalling episodes in their friendship. By this device they are able to give the reader an insight into the nature, the wide learning, the idiosyncrasies and the humour of a man who was as great a personality as he was a talker.

LETTERS TO MERLINE (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) is a collection, unpublished before, of letters written by Rainer Maria Rilke to a woman friend between 1919 and 1922. Most of them were originally written in French, and they are translated here by Mrs. Violet Macdonald, and edited by Mr. J. B. Leishman. Even for those who do not know Rilke's work, this little book may hold an enchantment, and for those who know and admire his subtle and haunting poetry, it will give a fresh insight and appreciation.

Dr. Karl Stern is a psychiatrist who was converted from the Judaism of his traditions to Catholicism, and THE PILLAR OF FIRE (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is not only his autobiography but the story of the process which he calls his spiritual voyage. The book was written, as the author explains, "not only to explain how I became a Christian, but equally to help Christians to understand their brothers, the Jews." Dr. Stern was born in Southern Bavaria, in a small town where some of his ancestors had been rabbis, a circumstance which must have made his change of religious belief even harder for his friends to accept or understand, and he studied medicine in Munich at a time when Nazism was becoming a growing threat. After his escape to England he did research work here, and finally emigrated to Montreal. His book, therefore, is not only the most personal of stories but also a social document of our times.

Can you, as a sympathetic enquirer once asked of a news editor, stand some *good* news? Because, if so, there are a number of noteworthy novels to bring to your attention, and among them Mrs. Angela Thirkell's new one, THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.). It is of little use, I have decided, recommending the reading of a new Thirkell book to anyone who has already studied the work of this consistent writer. If they are already *afficionados* they will be queueing at the bookshop with the appropriate coins. If they hold the opposite view and subscribe neither to Debrett's excellent volumes or Burke's handy publications, then no power of mine will make them read it

THE LONG MEMORY (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.) has a nearly Victorian single-mindedness and moral purpose, ably disguised under a latter-day idiom and a very modern economy of words and effects. This novel of Mr. Howard Clewes' is, by long odds, his best to date, and I found it quite absorbing. The story concerns the conflict between two men and their approaches to an old and bitter wrong. One is set on avenging it. The other wants to right it as far as humanly possible, and at the cost, if necessary, of his own happiness and the security of his wife and son. A simple theme, and Mr. Clewes not only states it directly but with a lack of heroics that makes it enormously effective.

She is what my heart first awaking
Whispered the world was; morning light is she.

Those lovely lines of Meredith's prelude a new novel by Mr. Carl Fallas which is romantic in the best sense of that highly abused term. EVE WITH HER BASKET (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) ostensibly tells the story of a little jewel merchant who leaves his wife in Amsterdam with the promise that he will be faithful to her for one calendar month on his journey to Ceylon. The cost of the promise is one of Mr. Fallas's themes, but another is the lyric beauty of that land.

A TERRACE IN THE SUN (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Cecil Roberts' story of a Nottingham boy, the son of a miner father and a hard-working, ambitious mother, who achieves international fame as a painter and particularly as a portraitist of the smart, cosmopolitan set in the inter-war years. His mother's ambition has always come from her love for him; his wife's ambition is founded on a more commercial basis and, although her social management of his career is not unsuccessful, it leads to their eventual parting, followed by their only child's death in the war, and the gradual crippling of the artist by rheumatism. At Monte Carlo and Mentone he plans to end his days with a degree of resignation. Both the Mediterranean and the Midland scenes are beautifully drawn by one who knows and appreciates them, and seems to relish the contrast. Mr. Roberts' novel is quiet in tone and sympathetic in mood. It is also extremely readable.

Apart from the sordid question of financial return, the first object of a writing collaboration seems to be to have some fun, and in this Mr. Noel Langley and Miss Hazel Pynegar always seem to succeed most notably. Their new book, THE CUCKOO IN THE DELL (Arthur Barker. 9s. 6d.), has something to do with the Norman Conquest, and, indeed, is a fairly brisk eye-opener on that little campaign, but it also has a good deal to do with one especial Norman knight and a group of far from noble dames who, being Saxon to the core, put up a very efficient show of passive resistance to the conqueror's representative.

NECK AND NECK (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is a kind of Siamese twin of a detective story, composed and finally elucidated by Mr. Leo Bruce, who has as neat a hand with a sleuth as any I have seen lately. His double plot concerns two murders, which happen almost simultaneously and in which the victims seem to have no connection with one another. They have, of course, and one Sergeant Beef is there to discover it.

Mr. Edward Atiyah's novel, THE THIN LINE (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.), has a certain originality. In this, a murder takes place, but inadvertently, and the reader knows both the identity of the murderer and the processes of his thoughts. He is a decent man, and happily married. The woman he murders is no great loss to humanity, but his horror at what he has done, and the weight of his conscience torture him into confessing, first to his wife, then to the woman's husband, until his own wife, in her love and pity for him, finds a tragic solution.

DAYBREAK AT DEEST (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), by Mr. Robert Gaines, is the story of a newspaperman's assignment to "cover" a royal wedding in a European capital. The story the reporter expects is the conventional one; the story he finally gets, and in which he is deeply involved himself, is something far different.

Eight Recommended Books

THE DAM BUSTERS, by Paul Brickhill (Evans. 15s.), *with a foreword by Lord Tedder, tells the story of* 617 *Squadron which was responsible for the bombing of the Moehne and Eder Dams.*

In **THE WORLD OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN** (A Key to the Savoy Operas) (Peter Nevill. 13s.) *W. A. Darlington takes the reader through the fascinating background of the Gilbert and Sullivan world.*

THE EARLY LIFE OF LOUIS XIV, 1638-1661, by Henri Carré (Hutchinson. 15s.), *is a review of the young King's life up to the time of his marriage.*

SHORT STORIES FROM "THE NEW YORKER" (Gollancz. 15s.) *is a collection of sixty-eight notable stories which appeared in the magazine between* 1925-1940.

THE LAST OF THE IRISH R.M.'s, by Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson (Cassell. 15s.), *contains the reminiscences of the last of the actual Resident Magistrates appointed by the British Government to administer justice in Ireland.*

In his latest book William Addison tells the very entertaining story of the **ENGLISH SPAS** (Batsford. 16s.), *with the help of apposite and lively quotation. The many illustrations are a particular feature of the book.*

A new biography is Howard Taubman's **TOSCANINI** (Odhams Press. 15s.). *In order to give a clear picture of the great conductor, the biographer spent over twenty years in collecting material for his subject.*

READING FOR PROFIT (The Cresset Press. 18s.) *is a revised and expanded edition of Montgomery Belgion's discussion on literature first published in the* Pelican *series.*

FROM TELEPATHY TO POLTERGEISTS

James Langham's "More Than Meets the Eye"

The story of Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain, the two ladies who upon an August afternoon at Versailles walked into another century, seeing the life of the Petit Trianon as it was in the days of Marie Antoinette, remains to-day one of the most fascinating mysteries confronting psychic researchers. In his intriguing book MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE (Evans Bros. 12s. 6d.), James Langham describes all the known facts relating to that extraordinary adventure. He writes, too, of modern telepathy, touching upon the exploits of the Piddingtons, on ghosts and poltergeists, and some of the achievements of the men of the Magic Circle. Here indeed is a continuous flow of strange and astonishing experiences, which surely make us realise that for all our vast achievements in the realm of science, for all our adventuring into space in planes that fly faster than the speed of sound, we have but touched the fringe of the supreme adventure that lies before the mind of man. For the student of these mysteries, however, there are pitfalls in plenty, most notably those provided by the hoaxer. As Lord Dunsany says in his introduction, this particular exploration of the unknown is inevitably full of false trails. Mr. Langham's thought-provoking book gives ample evidence of those trails

Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, who in his youth knew well the waters of Spey and Livet, writes most feelingly upon the chequered fortunes of whisky during and since the Second World War in his new book SCOTCH (Putnam. 15s.) an account in fact and story of the whisky of Scotland In these days of short whisky supply in Scotland, illicit stills are not uncommon in the Highlands. Sir Robert, who writes rather short-temperedly about the evils of centralised Government, the cause of Scotland's whisky shortage, writes with unconcealed glee about the worm and the cauldron, the stills "dedicated to the worthy purpose of preventing Scots from being deprived by economic prohibition of their milk"

Ian Glendenning, collector and expert on firearms, is the author of BRITISH PISTOLS AND GUNS (Cassell. 27s. 6d.), a fascinating account of some of the choicest weapons in his great collection. Many of the detailed drawings of ornament and embellishment are a revelation.

Quite the most heavy-handed humour, and humour beyond doubt it is intended to be, accompanies quite the most delicate and discerning draughtsmanship in W. Russell Flint's MODELS OF PROPRIETY (Michael Joseph Ltd. 15s.), a volume which the author dedicates "To all virtuous young ladies who pose unadorned for honest artists." It seems that painters who take a pen for writing, not for drawing, may sometimes forget that extreme lightness of touch does not always make light or acceptable reading.

Another artist, Sir Gerald Kelly, takes pen in hand to write the foreword to Alice Elizabeth Chase's new volume FAMOUS PAINTINGS (Macdonald. 18s.), an introduction to art for young people. The book contains 172 reproductions, 50 in full colour, and although it opens with an early allegorical work by Raphael and closes with a study by Matissè, no attempt is made to approach the subject chronologically. Miss Chase, an art teacher at Yale, has arranged her fifty large reproductions in colour with two or three examples of similar or allied subjects each arrayed opposite. The method is both effective and instructive.

Hesketh Hubbard, painter, lecturer and author, has produced a Festival Year volume entitled A HUNDRED YEARS OF BRITISH PAINTING, 1851-1951 (Longmans. 30s.). On the closing page of his admirable discourse he asks the reader who is tempted to reproach the painter for laying aside his brush, to call to mind the lines of Max Friedlander: "There is more to be learnt from the stammering utterances of artists than the well-constructed, systematic treatises of the æstheticians." In Mr. Hubbard's case the reader may be assured that there is no need for this self-defensiveness. His survey of the century is most skilfully presented, and 126 plates emphasise the major trends.

Walter Greenwood, who first rose to fame as the author of *Love on the Dole*, and who hails from Salford, Manchester's sister city, is the author of LANCASHIRE, one of the new additions to the County Books. Mr. Norman G. Brett-James, who has a long association with his county's Archæological Society, writes the volume on MIDDLESEX. Both are published by Robert Hale at 15s. Mr. Greenwood's book is a particularly human document, full of zest and gusto, and it is perhaps the most individualistic of all the contributions made so far to this series, which only in printing and general preservation makes obeisance to uniformity.

The demand for illustrated books dealing with English topography continues unabated. Two of the latest are ENGLISH INNS (Odhams. 12s. 6d.) and ENGLAND, PHOTOGRAPHED BY KARL GULLERS (Odhams. 16s.)

Newly reprinted is Lawrence Tanner's WESTMINSTER SCHOOL (Country Life. 30s.), which now emerges in a second edition after a lapse of seventeen years. The new volume brings the story of the famous school up to date.

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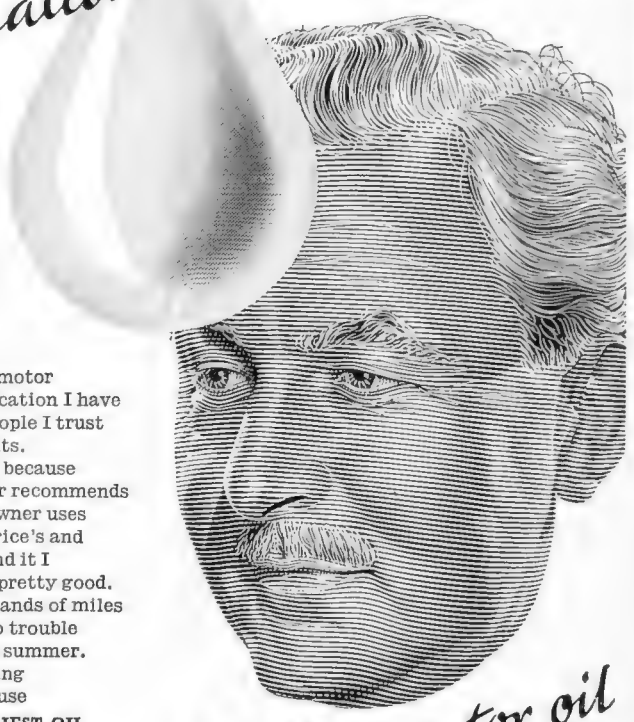

I'm a doctor, not a motor engineer. On lubrication I have to judge by what people I trust tell me and by results. I first tried Energol because the maker of my car recommends it, and my garage owner uses it himself. With Price's and Anglo-Iranian behind it I thought it must be pretty good. Well, I've had thousands of miles easy running and no trouble starting winter and summer. So I feel safe in saying myself, you should use **ENERGOL, THE OILIEST OIL** *says the doctor.*

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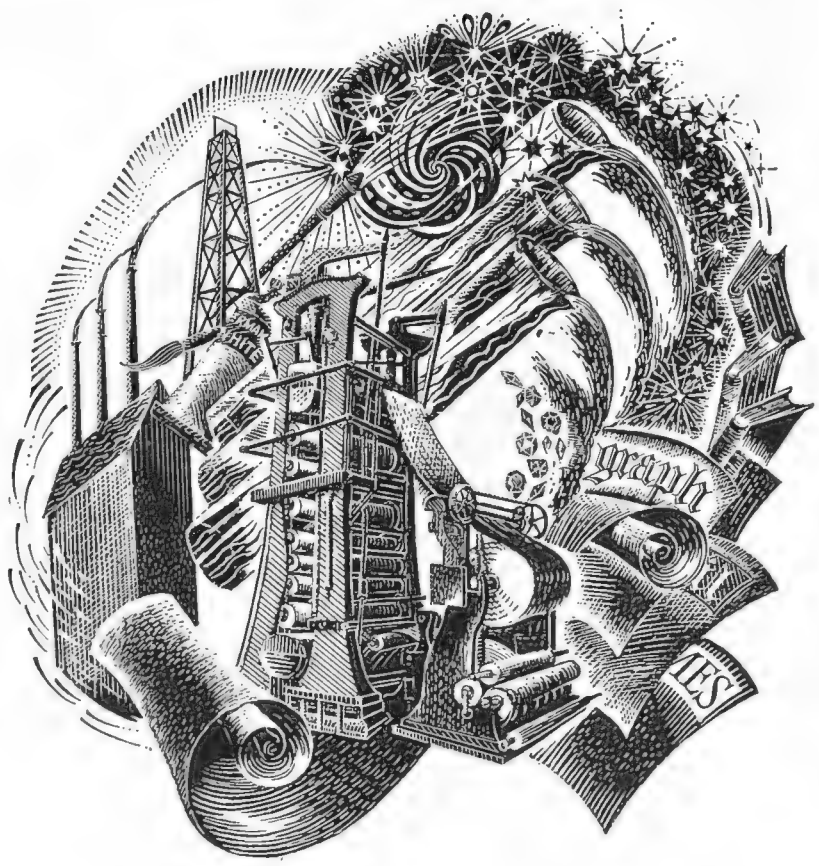

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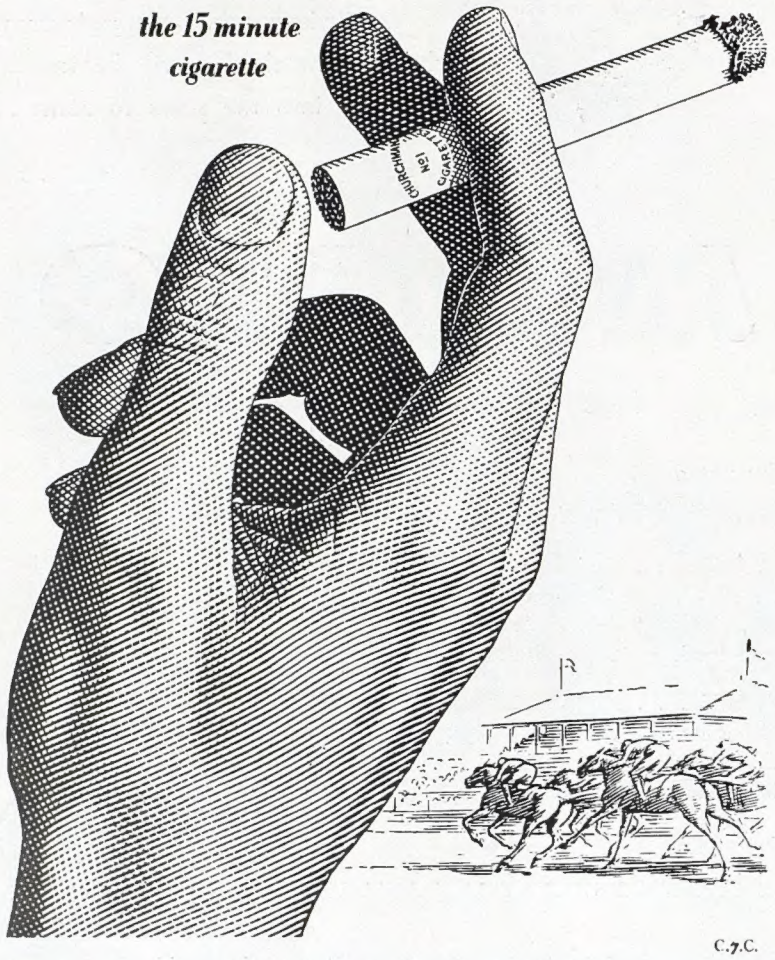

C.7.C.

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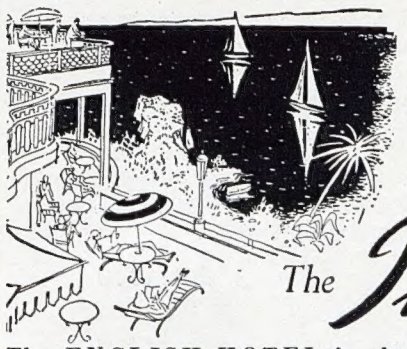

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